THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2042 }

"IN MEMORIAM."

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MUNSTER.

Dead! well, thy life had little joy enough,
And 'twere no tenderness to wish thee here:
The skies were dark, the way was bare and rough,
Along the path which led thee to thy bier.
'Tis over now—the struggle and the sin,
The bitter slander, and more bitter truth:
Thou never more shalt quail before the din
With which the world condemned thine erring youth.

I will not weep—I dare not weep for thee;
Tears were unmeet beside so scorned a grave.
I try to joy that death has set thee free,
Poor wreck! torn, tost so long on sorrow's wave!
But when I thus would still my aching heart,
Uprieth all the dim and shadowy past,
And ghosts of buried memories upstart
To see thee lying quiet there—at last.

I mourn not for thy death, but for thy life,
For what thou wert, and what thou might'st have been;
The early promise, and the latter strife,
And, oh! the awful gulf that yawns between.
Tears! Let the healing rain of sorrow fall
For those who blameless live, lamented die.
Thou hadst no hand but mine to spread thy pall,
No friend to lay thee in the grave—save I.

Oh, once beloved! why didst thou plume thy wing,
Untried and feeble, for a prouder flight?
Wealth, station, were not mine to bear or bring,
In those old days which rise to mock my sight;
I had but love to give—and that was thine.
Why didst thou yearn to prove a nobler fate?
Perchance in fame and fortune's swift decline
Thou lookedst back—too late, alas! too late.

But that is past; 'tis true I have not known
Another love to fill thy vacant place;
True that I watched thy course unseen, alone,
Through every phase—short triumph, long disgrace.
Ay! and when idle tongues reviled thy fame,
The burning flush of shame would stain my brow,
To think that what I scarcely dared to name
Was all the lot life held for such as thou.

Sleep dreamless now! and I will school my heart
To think of thee as thou wert wont to be,
Ere in thy soul deceit had claimed a part,
And thou wert still unstained, and true to me.
I will return no more, nor will look back;
From life's wild, weary turmoil thou art gone,
And hopes nor fears no more shall haunt the track
My patient steps shall follow—all alone.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Dakesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

SQUIRE LESTER'S HOUSEHOLD. WILFRED.

It was the beginning of September, and stormy weather. Never had a wilder or more ominous day been experienced, than the one now passing; never did the sun set with a more angry and lurid glare; the trees were swayed to and fro, as though they could not long withstand the blast; the sea-gulls flew over head, with their harsh screams; and the waves of the sea were tossing mountains high in their turbulence; signs that seemed to predict an awful night.

"They will catch it at sea, to-night!" exclaimed Mr. Lester, turning round from the dinner table, on which the dessert had just been placed, and gazing from the window, as a gust stronger than any swept past.

"I wonder you could shoot in this wind," cried Lady Adelaide, languidly lifting her head, and speaking in a languid tone. "Did you have good sport?"

"Very bad indeed; the wind, as you say, was against it. Dane, crack shot that he is, only bagged three brace; impossible to take aim, with that whirling blast in one's eyes. I don't think I ever felt the wind so high: and the beating up against it has made me dead tired. More walnuts for you, young gentleman!"

"I thought the ponies would have gone over once, on the heights," returned Lady Adelaide. "Georgie, dear, I am sure you have eaten sufficient."

"I have only had a few, mamma," responded Master Georgie, who was sitting in state by Mr. Lester. "Give me some more, papa. And, Maria, just pass me a slice of that cake."

"Did you venture on the heights with the pony-carriage?" uttered Mr. Lester to his wife, as he dropped a walnut or two into the boy's plate. "Was that prudent, Adelaide, such a day as this?"

"I soon drove off them again, when I found what the wind was," laughed Lady Adelaide. "I did not want a summerset into the sea, ponies, and carriage, and all. You say you are dead tired," she continued, after a pause; "I fancy Ada must also be. What is she doing, Maria?"

Maria Lester looked hastily down at the child on her knee. When the nurse introduced the children four of them, a few minutes back, Maria had taken up the youngest, Ada, a pretty little girl, between four and five. The child had dropped asleep with a piece of cake in her hands. It was the same Maria Lester whom you once saw a child herself; now twenty years of age.

"I will take her up stairs," said Maria.

"But you have not finished, Maria."

"Thank you, papa; I do not require anything more."

Maria Lester rose, and gently gathered the little girl in her arms, without awaking her. Mr. Lester began speaking to his wife again, before Maria was out of the room.

"Dane is coming in, to tea, Adelaide."

"Dane! This evening?"

The words were few, but the tone in which they were spoken betrayed annoyance and vexation. Mr. Lester smiled.

"Adelaide, I fancy you have taken a prejudice against Lord Dane. What's the reason?"

Her beautiful face—beautiful it was, still—flushed crimson, but she disclaimed the accusation eagerly. Too eagerly, Mr. Lester might have thought, had he been a keen-sighted, or suspicious man.

"*I* taken a prejudice against Lord Dane!" she uttered. "What a strange idea! Why should you think that?"

"You seem to to be annoyed at his visits, and to receive him coldly; forgetting, I presume, that he is (so to say,) a cousin, or connection of yours. I'm sure I don't wonder at his dropping in frequently, for he must find the castle dull."

"Have you any idea *why* he comes so frequently?" asked Lady Adelaide, bending over her plate.

"Not I," said Mr. Lester, "except that our house is gayer than his. What other motive should he have?"

"None, I daresay. It was a passing thought that crossed me."

"You are mysterious, Adelaide. Let us hear the thought.

"No," she laughed. "It is not intended for the public benefit."

Mr. Lester's brow contracted.

"Do you know, Adelaide, that you are sometimes capricious? You are so now."

"I suppose it is in my nature to be so, George. Don't look cross. When you married me, you married me with my faults and failings about me, remember."

Mr. Lester said no more. But the conversation left a sore impression behind it.

Maria Lester had proceeded up stairs with the little girl. The head nurse sat in the nursery, with two more young children, one being undressed, the other crying on the carpet; there were six in all, and the eldest, George, was but nine years old.

"Look at this child, nurse! She fell asleep on my lap directly after you brought her down."

"Tiresome little monkey!" responded the nurse. "I can't undress her yet, for I must get these two off, first. Be so kind as to lay her down in the bassinette, miss."

"Where is Susan, this evening?" returned Maria.

"Oh—Susan!—what's the good of Susan for evening work?—I really beg your pardon, Miss Lester, for answering you like that," broke off the woman, as her recollection came to her, "but I am so put out with that Susan, and my temper gets so worried, that I forget who I'm speaking to. The minute the children are gone in to dessert, Susan thinks her time is her own, and off she goes, and will be away for two mortal hours, leaving me everything to do. I can't leave the nursery and go after her, and I may ring and ring for ever, before she'll answer it."

"Where does she go?"

"Gattering with the other servants, or gallivanting somewhere. I ought to have full control over Susan, miss, for she's under me, and I have no more over her, than I have over that wind, that's tearing round the house, as if it would tear it to pieces. I'd leave, if it were not that I am so fond of the children; I declare I would, Miss Lester."

"But, why do you not speak to mamma?"

"Oh, miss, it's that that puts me out. My lady won't hear a word against Susan, just because she's Tiffie's niece. Tiffie speaks up for Susan, as is natural, and Susan vows through thick and thin to my lady, that she's always at her post, doing her duty, and my lady believes her. The fact is, miss," continued the servant, lowering her voice, "Tiffie has managed to get the ear of my lady, and if an angel from the skies came down to try to put her off it, he couldn't do it."

"At any rate, Susan is not at her duty now," remarked Miss Lester, ringing the bell.

It was not answered; but in truth Maria scarcely gave time for it. She rang again immediately, a sharp, imperative peal. Of all the household, who should condescend to come up, but Tiffie!

"What's the good of your ringing like that, as if you'd have the bell down!" began she, before she had gained the room. "I won't allow—"

"It was I who rang," curtly interrupted Miss Lester. "I rang for Susan."

Tiffie stood, and held her tongue, somewhat taken aback. Her manner smoothed down to meekness; false as it was subtle.

"For Susan, Miss! Does nurse want her? I have just sent her out to do a little errand for me, thinking the young ladies and gentlemen were in the dining-parlor, and that she couldn't be required in the nursery. I'll send her up the moment she comes in, Miss."

"You see that she is wanted, Tiffie," gravely replied Miss Lester. "Here are three children, all requiring to be undressed at once, and it is impossible for one pair of hands to do it. Nurse tells me that Susan makes a point of being away at this hour; now, I think you ought to speak to Susan, and order her to be more attentive to her duty. I shall speak to Lady Adelaide."

"Begging your parding, Miss, there's no necessity for that, and it'll do no good; my lady has inlimited confidence in me and in Susan."

"That may be, Tiffie; but it is right she should know the children are neglected. Send Ann here to assist the nurse until Susan shall return."

The tone was imperative. Maria, gentle and mild as she was, yet possessed that quiet, nameless power of command which few care to resist. Tiffie stood aside as she left the room, and then Tiffie shuffled on in her wake, her eyes glancing evil.

Tiffie had played her cards well. When she found that Lady Adelaide was to be her master's wife, her first thought was resentment; her intention, to depart forthwith. But when Lady Adelaide came home in the unexpected manner related, and Tiffie found that she was the Hall's bona fide mistress—*Tiffie's* mistress—a mistress endowed with very different power from that invested in Miss Bordillion—then, to use a popular phrase, Tiffie began to find out on which side her bread was buttered. Lady Adelaide was young, careless, yielding, and inexperienced, and it dawned over Tiffie's mind that she might possibly still sway the household, and perhaps sway her mistress also; so Tiffie swallowed her anger, and stopped on. She felt in a rage with everybody (she generally did), and did not much care where she vented it. However, she took care to make herself useful and agreeable to Lady Adelaide, and when Sophie quitted the Hall, to become the wife of Richard Ravensbird, Tiffie succeeded her as the lady's maid, retaining also her post of housekeeper. Years had gone on since then, ten years, and how Tiffie had contrived it, was best known to herself, but she had wormed herself into the confidence of her mistress, and appeared indispensable to her comfort.

THE MEETING IN THE WOOD.

Maria passed into her chamber, and stood before the large cheval glass while she dressed herself for walking, doing it in a hurried manner, as though she feared being stopped or interrupted. Rarely has a glass given back a sweeter looking countenance, though it may have done one of more strict beauty. Her features were delicate and clearly defined, the cheeks wearing a healthy, damask flush, and she had soft, dark eyes, and silky hair. She was of middle height, or nearly so, of elegant figure, and in manner quiet and graceful. A truly attractive girl was Maria Lester, and gossips promised that she would be marrying early.

Ah, but there were two words to that. Some years before, when Maria was a young child, a relative of her mother's had bequeathed to her fourteen thousand pounds; but it was so left that the interest was to be enjoyed by Mr. Lester until Maria married. Not until she was of age, nothing was said about that, but until she married. So that, did Maria remain single till she was an old maid, and her father still lived, he would reap the entire benefit—she, none. This money was out on mortgage, at excellent interest, and it brought in Mr. Lester nine hundred a year. For an embarrassed man—and Mr. Lester was that now, for Lady Adelaide's extravagance and his own weak indulgence to it had rendered him so—nine hundred a year was an enormous sum to relinquish. Mr. Lester was not a man of large income; his rent roll produced barely three thousand a year. This money of Maria's made it nearly four, and then it was all told; and they lived at the rate of five. Some thousands, bequeathed to Lady Adelaide by the late Lord Dane, had been spent long ago; altogether, Mr. Lester was now a man of deep perplexity and care; though, how deep, the neighbors little suspected. Be you very sure that, under such circumstances, neither he nor his wife would be in a hurry to encourage any marriage for Maria. She had only been home about a twelvemonth; that is, to reside; until then, she had remained with Miss Bordillion.

And what of Wilfred Lester? A great deal, and most of it very sad, very blamable. Wilfred was becoming, people feared, one of the black sheep of the neighborhood; and yet, he he was of that unfortunate class who may be said to be as much sinned against as sinning.

At a proper age, a commission had been purchased for him in one of the crack regiments, those whose duty seems chiefly to consist in attending upon her Majesty on state occasions. To the initiated in these matters, it is known that the expenses of such officers are enormous; almost necessarily so. Not rendered necessary by the nature of the service, or the rules of the regiment, but by that all-powerful incubus, custom—example, the doing as others do. The pay of one of these officers, compared to his expenditure, is but as a drop of water to the ocean; most of them are men of rank, possessing a weighty paternal purse to back them, and those who do not possess one in reserve, have no business to join, for they are certain to come to grief. Mr. Lester ought to have remembered this—to have remembered how very little he could afford to allow his son.

He did not, and Wilfred entered. Careless, good-natured, attractive, and remarkably handsome, he was just the one to be made much of by his brother officers; never was there a young fellow more popular in the corps than Cornet Lester; and—it is of no use to mince the matter—never was there one who ran more heedlessly into extravagance. Example is contagious, and Cornet Lester suffered himself to be swayed by it—swayed and ruined. Had Mr. Lester made him a better allowance (which, indeed, he ought to have done, or else not have placed him in the regiment,) it would still have been swallowed up, though affairs might not have come to a crisis so soon as they did. Wilfred was just twenty-two when he came down to Danesheld, and laid the statement of affairs before his father. Money he must have, a large sum, or else leave the regiment.

Mr. Lester was unable to give it him. It is possible he felt that his son—his eldest son—had not been dealt with precisely as he ought to have been, and it caused him to be lenient now. Wilfred was in debt; dreadfully in debt: he could not return till at least some of it was liquidated, and—what was to be done? it was difficult to say: Mr. Lester was in worse debt himself, painfully short (he always was, now,) of ready money, and could not assist him. One alternative indeed there was, and it was suggested by Mr. Lester—that Wilfred should sell out, and apply the proceeds of the purchase to the liquidation. Driven by pressing necessity, this alternative was ultimately adopted, but it was a cruel blow to Wilfred Lester. He saw his prospects cut off, his future blighted; and when things were finally settled, and he returned to take up his abode in his father's house, he felt like a blighted man, caring little what became of him. A sore feeling was at his heart: he knew that, but for his father's second family, for the high rate of expenditure kept up to please his father's second wife, he should not have suffered; and he regarded himself as a sort of sacrifice on the shrine of everything that was unjust.

Lady Adelaide, on her part, regarded Wilfred as an unwelcome interloper. She had never liked him. Excited against him in the first instance by Tiffie (who had deemed it well that her lady's likings and dislikings should be regulated by her own,) she had, even as a boy, made his home unpleasant to him, and when he returned for good, Lady Adelaide bore the infliction ill. A tacit, silent sort of antagonism was maintained between them, of which Lady Adelaide, from her position, of course obtained the best, and Tiffie did not fail to fan the flame. Wilfred occupied himself, listlessly enough, with out-door sports, hunting, shooting, fishing, as the seasons permitted, but he was devoured with ennui, and at length took to passing most of his evenings at Miss Bordillion's.

It was well he did so, at least, in one sense, for soon, very soon, the ennui was dissipated. The dispirited, listless young man, who had been ready to throw himself into the ponds instead of his fishing-line, and in truth cared little which of the two did go in, was suddenly aroused to life, and hope, and energy. Far from the present time hanging about his neck like a millstone, it became to him as a sunny Eden, tinged with the softest rapture; the dim, indistinct future, so dark, so visionless to his depressed view, suddenly broke from its clouds, and shone out in colors of the sweetest and rosiest hue—for he had learnt to love Edith Bordillion. Not with the unstable, fleeting nature of man's general love, but with a pure, powerful, all-absorbing passion, akin to that felt by woman.

A few months given to dreamy happiness, and then he spoke to Mr. Lester. The appeal perplexed Mr. Lester uncommonly. He could have no objection to Edith; she was of as good family as his son (it may almost be said of the same,) and there was no doubt she would inherit a snug fortune at the Colonel's death, for she was his only child. Colonel Bordillion had been in India now for many years, spending little, and making money. What perplexed Mr. Lester was his share in the affair. Wilfred, in his eagerness, protested they could live upon nothing; as good as nothing: he did not wish to cripple his father, let him allow them ever so small an income, and they would make it suffice, Edith said they would. Mr. Lester pointed out to Wilfred that what he *could* allow would be very small indeed, but if the Colonel would come forward with present help to Edith, he would add what he was able to spare. These statements were drawn out, and particulars written to Colonel Bordillion.

The only one who protested against the match, was Lady Adelaide Lester. Not openly; in private to her husband. It was the most imprudent thing she ever met with. What did a young fellow, like Wilfred, want to marry for? Better get him an appointment under government, or despatch him somewhere abroad. Mr. Lester listened, and inquired why. They were bent upon marrying, he said; Edith was a very nice girl, and if they would be contented to make a moderate income suffice, they might as well marry. *He* could give but little; but the Colonel would most likely come down with four or five hundred a year.

"Suppose he should refuse to come down with anything?" returned Lady Adelaide.

"Then the affair would be at an end," emphatically replied Mr. Lester. "In that case, I would never give my consent."

Meanwhile, Wilfred and Edith lived on, looking forward to the answer of the Colonel, and revelling in the golden visions of dream land. Are such ever realised? I never knew them to be. In due course the reply of the Colonel came. It was addressed to Wilfred, and enclosed a short note for Edith.

Have you ever passed from the broad light of day into the gloomy darkness of a subterranean dungeon? If so, you may remember the utter chill that seemed to overwhelm your feelings, both mental and bodily. Just so did the news from India plunge its recipients from the sunny brightness of expectancy, to the blackness of despair; but, whatever your own experience of a chill may have been, it was as nothing compared to that which shivered the frames and hearts of Wilfred Lester and Edith Bordillion.

The Colonel would have been delighted with the union, and cordially given them his blessing; nay, he gave it them still, should it be carried out; but of help, of money, he had none to give. The Calcutta bank, the one in which he had hoarded the savings of years, no inconsiderable sum, had just gone smash, and left him penniless. The public newspapers would supply them with details.

Wilfred put up the letter, and sat on, buried in a gloomy reverie: Edith sat opposite to him, not weeping, but looking much inclined for it. The letter had come in by the evening's post, addressed to him at Miss Bordillion's, and it happened that they had received it alone, for that lady was out.

"I have decided what we must do," Wilfred said, after awhile. "Edith, you were—you are—to be my wife: will you be guided by me in this business?"

"Of course I will," she answered.

"And you would not like—after all our fond hopes and plans—that we should be separated forever?"

A passing shiver, and a faint answer.

"No I should not."

"Then, my darling, before this week is over, you must be mine."

She looked up with a start of surprise, thinking he was jesting.

"We must be married privately, and declare the fact after it is over. Otherwise nothing in the world will prevent their separating us: I foresee it. Don't look scared, Edith; it will all come right in the end. Say nothing yet about this news."

"But how are we to live?"

"My father, when he knows we are married, will allow us something, and we must economise till brighter days turn up. Shall you be afraid of it?"

"Not of the economising. But—"

Wilfred stopped her: he deemed it more politic to drown objections than to combat them. And he managed, wonderful to say, to obtain her consent to the plan.

It was strange that he should be able to do so; but far more strange was it, that Tiffie obtained an inkling of what was going forward. She poked, she pried, she ferreted; it was her daily habit; and in ordinary cases no wonder that she succeeded in unearthing secrets, though how she managed to scent this one, was in truth a marvel. The very day before that fixed for uniting them—and no soul knew of it, as they believed, but themselves—Tiffie went mincing into Lady Adelaide's room, her hands meekly folded, and the whites of her eyes turned up.

"Oh, my lady! such dreadful inhiquerty that has come to my knowledge! I have been turned upside down to think how you and dear master's being deceived."

"What is the matter now?" asked Lady Adelaide.

"Them two mean-spirited weasils are going to get married on the sly. I mean Mr. Wilfred and his sweetheart," added Tiffie, perceiving her lady's puzzled look. "Without saying a sylliible, or letting any soul know it, my lady, they are a going to ignite themselves together in secret till death do them part."

"But why in secret?" demanded the amazed Lady Adelaide. "They are to be married when news arrives from the colonel, and it is expected daily. There is no motive, no inducement for them to do in secret what they may soon do openly. You must have found a mare's nest for once, Tiffie."

"My lady—craving your parding—are the nestesses I find ever mare's nestesses?" responded Tiffie. "I know my place, and what's due to your ladyship too well, I hope, to bring you tales of news that could turn into mares' nestesses. They have got quite motive enough—let them alone for that: and the motive is, my lady, that they *have* heard from India, and the colonel can't help them by as much as a shilling a year, for he has lost every liter of his fortune. The place where it was kept has gone bankript, my lady."

"Is this true?" uttered Lady Adelaide.

"It's gospial true," returned Tiffie. "And those two sly ones, thinking there's no chance now of Mr. Lester's consint, are going to take French leave, and marry without it. I can't quite come at the percise time it's to be, but I'm sure many days won't go over first."

"How did you come at it at all?" interrupted Lady Adelaide. "How do you come at things?"

Tiffie's countenance became very innocent.

"I keep my eyes and ears open, my lady."

"You must listen at doors, and behind hedges, Tiffie!"

"My lady, whatever I do, it's out of regard to your ladyship—that you should not be hoodwinked by designing serpints. And I tell you for a truth, and you may believe me with confardince that he's going to convert that girl into Mrs. Wilfred."

Lady Adelaide laughed; a laugh that sounded more like derision than mirth.

"That is soon stopped," she said. "Give me that shawl, Tiffie."

She was throwing a [illegible] over her shoulders, to proceed to the drawing room of Mr. Lester, for he, like herself, was dressing for dinner, when Tiffie placed herself in her way, and spoke demurely.

"If I might venture to segest to you, my lady, I'd just let 'em do it, and I'd not stop 'em. If it comes to Mr. Wilfred begging consent of his father, there's no answering but he may get it, and a yearly allowince with it. But when master finds out that they have gone and done it of themselves, in defiance of him, as may be said, then the fat 'll be in the fire. Master won't look at 'em, or give 'em a farthing, and it 'll be exactly what they deserve."

Lady Adelaide, it must be presumed, found this advice good, for she kept the tidings to herself, and let things take their course. The consequence was precisely what Tiffie had suggested: Wilfred married, and—to borrow her own words—the fat *was* in the fire. In no measured degree, either. Wilfred purposed telling his father in the course of a few days after the event, but Lady Adelaide forestalled him, and her manner of imparting the news was in the highest degree calculated to anger and inflame Mr. Lester. A furious interview succeeded between father and son: and Mr. Lester cast him off, declaring that he should never have assistance from him during his own life, nor would he leave it him after death."

"And that's glorious news," cried Tiffie to her mistress, "worth a choris of hallelugiers. It's your ladyship's own dear child, Master George, that will inherit; as is but right he should."

"Nonsense, Tiffie!" But Tiffie saw the beaming look of satisfaction which, in spite of the "nonsense," overspread the features of Lady Adelaide at the suggestion.

Months had elapsed now since the marriage, nearly twelve, which brings us again to the present, and to Maria Lester, dressing herself for her evening walk. As she turned from the glass, she stood for a moment at the window, contemplating the weather, listening to the howling wind.

"It is certainly an unusually boisterous evening," she soliloquised, "but I had rather encounter it than remain at home to meet Lord Dane." With that, she descended to the hall, and as she crossed it she addressed a man servant:—"James, should I be inquired for in the drawing-room, say that I have gone to take tea with Miss Bordillion."

CHAPTER XII.

SHAD.

Scarcely had Lady Adelaide reached the drawing-room, Mr. Lester lingering still at the dessert-table, when Lord Dane was announced. He had altered far more than had Lady Adelaide. Could it be, that that tall stern man, with the gray hair mixing with his luxuriant locks, was the former slender stripling, Geoffry Herbert Dane? His age was but eighty-and thirt yet, but he looked older than his years. Handsome he was still, and handsome he ever would be, for he had the prominent, well-shaped features of the Dane family, but there was a fixed expression of care upon his brow. High in position, wealthy in means, possessed of all extraneous accessories to make life happy, one might wonder how the care got there—like the flies in amber.

Lady Adelaide stood in her evening dress of white brocaded silk, jewels in her hair, on her neck, on her fair arms. Highly extravagant was she in her attire, as the family income knew to its cost; but, dress she would, and dress she did. As Lord Dane greeted her, he could not help thinking how little she was changed; charming and attractive did she look, almost as much so as when she was his young love.

"What a terrible night!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is blowing great guns," replied Lord Dane. "I hope there will be no disasters at sea."

"Did you come on foot?"

"On foot! This little way! oh, yes," he laughed.

"Nay, not for the distance," she said. "I was thinking of the weather."

"I have become inured to that, whatever it may be: my nine years' travel did that good service for me."

"I cannot imagine what attraction you could have found, to keep you so many years. And you never remained long in one place, you say."

"No. I went everywhere, everywhere in Europe, not out of it. By the way, though, yes, I did go out of it, for I explored Turkey in Asia."

"And your attraction, I ask, Lord Dane?"

"I had none. The very restlessness would imply the want of that. I have found that since my return. It is here, at home."

She lifted her eyes inquiringly towards his.

"An attraction that, when a consciousness of it first dawned over my spirit, I strove to combat; but the more I strove, the less would it take its departure. I believe I have no resource but to yield to it. Adelaide—forgive me, that I speak to you in the familiar terms of former years—will you be my advocate? will you hear me with favor?"

He spoke in the low, tender tone that had once been as the sweetest music to her ear, he took her hand in his pleading earnestness. Will you excuse Lady Adelaide for the error she fell into?—remembering old days, it was perhaps a natural one. She thought he was pleading for *her* favor: not for her influence with another. A crimson blush overspread her face; but it was succeeded by a deadly paleness.

"Have you forgotten who I am?" she asked, in a low, proud tone, not so much in resentment, but as though she thought he really had forgotten it. "You forget yourself, Lord Dane: I am the wife of Mr. Lester; the mother of his children."

Lord Dane released her hand, and broke out into a half laugh: its derision was not so wholly suppressed, but that it jarred on the ear of Lady Adelaide.

"You [illegible] way when you married Mr. Les[illegible] and I fully understood it [illegible] forever: I have not a[illegible] template it in any other [illegible] thousand pardons for h[illegible] myself badly—which I conclude [illegible] done. The attraction I alluded to, [illegible] drawing me to this house, is Maria Lester."

A burning, passionate suffusion of shame dyed the brow of Lady Adelaide. Never did woman fall into a more awkward or humiliating error. She could have struck herself, she could have struck Lord Dane: she opened her lips to speak, but no appropriate words would come: none that would not make the matter worse. That Lord Dane should enjoy her confusion was but natural: perhaps he felt half repaid for what she had made him suffer in days gone by.

"I have led a roving life long enough," he continued, in a calm, matter-of-course tone, assumed possibly to put her at ease, "and it is time I settled down. I did not think it could have escaped your observation that I have been striving to win Miss Lester. I never met with any one I so thoroughly esteemed," he emphatically added; "and my motive in speaking to you is, to crave your influence with Mr. Lester that he will allow me to make her Lady Dane."

That Lord Dane had been marked in his attention to Maria, had certainly not eluded the observation of Lady Adelaide, and a suspicion had crossed her mind that it might bear a serious meaning; this had been in her thoughts that very evening, when she had, somewhat mysteriously, inquired of Mr. Lester whether he had any idea why Lord Dane came so frequently. How was it, then, that she had forgotten this, and jumped to that other idea, touching herself? Her face burnt still. But she essayed to turn it off defiantly, and threw back her head with a haughty gesture.

"Why do you not apply to Mr. Lester yourself, Lord Dane?"

"Because I prefer to apply, in the first instance, to *you*," he answered in a courteous tone, as he took a seat near her. "I would ask it of your kindness to intercede with Mr. Lester. It has been told to me that he will not regard favorably any suitor for his daughter."

What was Lady Adelaide to reply to this? Mr. Lester would have no objection in the abstract to Maria's marrying; Lady Adelaide, on her part, would have been *glad to see the day* that removed *her from the Hall*; but what they both *did* object to, and would find most inconvenient, was the resigning the nine hundred a year. In short they were unable to resign it, and the only alternative was, to keep Maria. Lord Dane, however, could dive into motives as quickly as most men, and he had formed his resolution.

"I scarcely need mention that, in seeking Miss Lester for my wife, I seek *but* her," he resumed. "There is, it occurs to me that I have heard, some trifling, paltry income that was bequeathed to go with Maria when she marries, but the large revenues of the Dane estate, the settlements I am enabled to offer, preclude the necessity of her bringing money to add to them. Will you, dear Lady Adelaide, tell Mr. Lester that I wish to take Maria alone; that any little fortune of hers, I shall beg of him to retain?"

"But why not tell him yourself?" repeated Lady Adelaide, in a far more gracious tone.

"Mr. Lester is a man sensitive on pecuniary matters," smiled Lord Dane, "and will receive that part of the communication better from you than from me. Legal arrangements, of course, can be called in, to bind the bargain. May I count upon your interest with Maria?"

Some stifling weight seemed to oppress her, and she made no immediate reply. She rose from her seat, in agitation that she could not wholly hide, walked to the window, and, drawing aside the blind, stood looking out on the boisterous night. Lord Dane watched her; was her strange manner caused by any lingering tenderness for him on her own part? He could not think that; but he wondered, and he fell to speculating on its cause. Lady Adelaide came back, and interrupted him.

"I prefer to remain neutral in this affair, Lord Dane," she said. "I will not second your efforts to gain Miss Lester, but I will not impede them. All I can do is to repeat to Mr. Lester, impartially, what you have said, and then the matter must progress, or the contrary, unbiased, uninterfered with by me."

"You will not be against me with Maria?"

"I have said I will not. I shall remain wholly and entirely neutral."

Lord Dane bowed.

"She is at home, I presume?"

"Yes," replied Lady Adelaide, ringing the bell. "Tell Miss Lester that the tea is coming in," she said, to the man who answered it.

"Miss Lester is gone out, my lady."

"Out! This turbulent night!"

"She has been gone this half hour, my lady. She is taking tea at Miss Bordillion's."

"Maria does do things that nobody else would think of," observed Lady Adelaide to Lord Dane, and at that moment Mr. Lester entered.

And now, to follow Maria. As she sped along from the Hall, the wind nearly took her off her feet, but she kept up bravely, and laughed as she laid hold of objects to steady herself by. By the road, Miss Bordillion's house was about ten minutes' walk from her own house, but there was a path through the wood, half as long again, a quarter of an hour say, it would take her that way, and Maria chose it as being the most sheltered.

The shades of evening were drawing on apace, and the wood struck a gloom upon her as she turned into it. There the wind did not impede her; though, as it moaned and shrieked overhead, and shook the trees to their very centre, imparting a weird-like, ghastly loneliness to the scene, Maria began thinking of the supernatural stories she had read of the old German forests; and as some object suddenly struck out from the trees, and stood in her path, she positively could not suppress a scream. The next moment, however, she was laughing.

"How stupid I am! But you should not have startled me, Wilfred."

A tall, slender young man of four-and-twenty, wearing a shooting coat, and carrying a gun in his hand. His face was almost delicately beautiful, and his dark blue eyes, deeply set, were shaded by long, black lashes. His forehead was broad and white, and his hair was black, like the lashes. Such was Wilfred Lester.

"I did not intend to startle you, Maria; who was to think you would be in the wood to-night?" he said, as he turned to walk beside her. "Where are you off to?"

"Miss Bordillion's. How—how—is Edith?" she added, with much hesitation.

"What! I suppose it is high treason even to inquire after her," returned he, noting the timid tone. "Have they forbidden you even her name? Come, Maria, confess; you can't say more than I guess; perhaps not so much."

"Something very like it," she replied.

"Of course. Perhaps they have interdicted your speaking to me, if we happen to meet?" he pursued.

"No, Wilfred. They have not done that yet."

"Yet! That's to be the next thing. I suppose you live in daily expectation of it."

"How are you getting on?" she returned, evading his question. "Is Edith better?"

"We are not getting on at all, Maria; unless going backwards is getting on. It's backwards with us, generally, and backwards with Edith."

"Is she not getting strong?"

"No, and she never will, and never can, while things are as they are. If there's justice in heaven—"

"Hush, Wilfred! It will do no good."

"And no harm—but have it as you like.—You have not answered my question, Maria. I say you live in expectation of an order to pass me when we meet. Is it not so?"

"Should it come, Wilfred, it will be partially your own fault."

"No doubt of it. I am all in fault, and they are all in the right. But I did not expect to hear *you* say it!"

"You are petulant with me without cause, Wilfred," she said, turning her kind face upon him, full of anxious expression. "You know that I care for you more than I do for any one in the world. Even papa, I am not sure that I love and care for as I do for you," she added, in a tone of apology, "if it be not wicked to say it. But I have not seen much of him of late years, and—"

"And he has been so exclusively occupied with his lady wife, with her children, to the *neglect of us, that it would be little wonder if all your love for him had faded and died*," interrupted Wilfred Lester. "Speak the truth out fearlessly, Maria. Do you deem that—under such circumstances—they have a right to forbid our intercourse? I speak of you and myself," he added, dashing his hair from his brow, "not of Edith."

"If they did forbid it, I am not sure that I should obey," she steadily answered. "I have debated the point with myself much lately, and I cannot tell what would be my course of action; I hope it will not be put to the proof.—But I repeat that it will be partly your fault if it comes. What are these tales that are going about respecting you?" she asked, lowering her voice.

"Tales!" uttered Wilfred.

"That you are taking to ill courses—to poaching for game and fish—to stealing out at night with evil men! Wilfred," she shivered, "you know of the attack on Lord Dane's keeper?"

"I should think all the world, for ten miles round, knew of that," returned he, carelessly. "Well?"

"They say that—that you were one of them, disguised."

"Oh, they do, do they! Give a dog a bad name, and hang him! I wonder they did not bring in my wife as well, and say she accompanied me. Who carried this precious news to you, Maria?"

"I don't know how it reached the Hall; I was too sick and terrified to inquire; I have some idea it was through Tiffie—that she communicated it to Lady Adelaide. Papa walked into his own room when it was told him, and I saw him shaking like a leaf. Wilfred, I know you are forbidden the Hall, but, accused of such a crime, you should brave the mandate. Go into my father's presence and deny it—that is, if you can deny it."

"If I can deny it! What do you mean, Maria? Do you think I go out by night to murder gamekeepers?"

"Then you will, for once, come to the Hall and disclaim it," she eagerly said.

"No. If I did commit murder, it would be my father and his wife who have driven me to it; let them enjoy the doubt as they best may."

"But, Wilfred, is it true that you go out poaching?"

"I? poaching! How has your mind been thus poisoned against me? I have my game license."

"But they talk—they talk of gins and snares," she whispered; "of the entrapping game, wholesale, to—Wilfred! what's that?"

The hasty, startled tone in which the last words were uttered, caused Wilfred Lester to lift his head and peer around him. He saw nothing.

"There was some one watching us," she breathed. "There; where the trees are thick. How strange!"

"It must have been your fancy, Maria. Who would be likely to watch us? To what end?"

"I am quite certain it was not fancy. I saw a face bending towards us, trying, as it seemed, to hear what we were saying. I was not quite sure at first, and I looked steadfastly, and then it moved away. It seemed about the height of a boy, and it was like a boy's face. Wilfred, you need not doubt me."

Wilfred Lester strode to the spot indicated, and pressed through the trees. Not any creature was in sight, human or inhuman, but there was a narrow path striking off further into the wood, favorable to escape.

"Some wandering thief of a youngster, come to hunt if there might be a stray partridge dropped," he remarked. "The sight of us has scared him away."

"What his motive may have been, or what he came for, I know not; but there he certainly was, and watching us," returned Maria.

They emerged from the wood. To the right lay the residence of Miss Bordillion; to the left, the little cottage inhabited by Wilfred Lester; the latter not many yards off, but an angle of the road hid it from view. As they stood, talking yet, before branching off on their separate paths, a very curious looking lad came running past. Slim to a degree, with restless wriggling movements, he was not unlike a serpent; he had that old, precocious face sometimes seen in the deformed, and sly, sly eyes. Not that he was deformed, only very stunted for his years, which were near fifteen. An ordinary spectator might have thought him ten.

"Hallo, Shad," cried Mr. Wilfred Lester, "where are you scuttering off to?"

The boy stopped. Rejoicing in the baptismal name of Shadrack, he had never, in the memory of the neighborhood, been called anything but Shad. His other name nobody knew, and it did not clearly appear that he had one. Nearly fifteen years ago, he was first seen at the hut of old Goody Bean; she said he was her daughter's, who had been many a year away from home; but Goody Bean was not renowned for veracity. To whomsoever he belonged, there he had been from that first day to this.

"Please, sir, I'm a going home; and I've been a getting some sticks for granny."

He spoke more like a boy of ten than of his own years; but, looking at his sharp face, it might be doubted whether the simplicity was not put on. It was one of two things: that he was a very unsophisticated young gentleman, or else one of rare and admirable cunning.

"Have you been in the wood to get these, Shad?" demanded Miss Lester, looking at the few bits of faggots in the boy's hands.

"I've a been o'ny tother side the hedge, miss; I doesn't like the wood, when the trees moans and shakes."

"Have you *not* been in the wood?" she returned, looking keenly at him.

"I was there yesterday, miss."

"I spoke of this evening."

"No," he said, shaking his head from side to side, something like the trees. "Granny telled me to go into the wood, and bring her a good bundle, but I wouldn't when I heard the wind; and I expec's a wacking for it."

He shambled off. Miss Lester turned to her brother. "Is he to be believed, or not? It may have been he, who was watching *us*."

"*Very likely. It is of no consequence if he was.* As to believing him, I think he is even less worthy of credit than his grandmother; and that's saying a great deal. Why? what does *she* want?"

A decent looking woman, with a sour face, was coming full pelt towards them from the direction of Wilfred's cottage, calling out as she ran,

"Master! master!"

Wilfred took a step forward to meet her.

"Is the house on fire?" quoth he.

"Sir," returned Sarah—for that was the name she bore, and she was his servant—"my mistress is lying like one dead; I'm not sure but she's gone."

A moment's bewildered hesitation, and he started off; but arrested his steps again, and turned to Maria.

"Will you not come, in the name of humanity? Your entering my house to say a word of comfort to Edith—dying as she may be, as I fear she is, for the want of countenance, of kindness—will not poison Mr. and Lady Adelaide Lester. Judge between me and them, Maria."

He waited for no answer, but sped on. The appeal was successful, and Maria followed with the maid.

Edith, who had been for some weeks in a very precarious state of health, had fallen on the floor in attempting to move from the sofa. Sarah heard the noise and ran in; her mistress looked so still and deathlike, for she had fainted, that the woman was frightened, and as speedily ran out again, hoping to get assistance; and in the road she saw her master. They lifted her up, and she revived; but she could not talk much to Maria. The latter, who had not seen her for many, many weeks, interdicted, as she was, from going near her brother and his wife, was shocked at the change, and surely thought she would not be long in this world.

"Sarah," she exclaimed to the servant, with whom she was alone a few moments, ere departing, "what a terribly weak state your mistress appears to be in! what can cause it?"

"It's just famine," bluntly returned the woman, "and nothing else."

Maria was shocked and bewildered at the answer, and could only stare at the speaker.

"*Famine!*" she uttered, feeling ready to faint, herself. "Oh, Sarah! things cannot be so bad as that with my brother!"

"They ain't much better, and haven't been for some time, so far as missis is concerned, Miss Lester. Me and master, we can eat hard food; bread-and cheese, or bread-and-bacon, or a bit o' meat and a heap o' potatoes and onions made into a Irish stew, and we can wash it down with water and thrive upon it. But missis—she can't: she could no more swallow them things than she could swallow the saucepans and gridirons they're cooked in. When folks are delicate and weak in health, they require delicate food. Beef-tea, and jellies, and oysters, and a bit o' chicken, or a nice cut out of a joint of meat, with a glass or two of good wine every day; that's what Miss Edith wants. And she's just going into her grave for the want of it."

Maria turned from the door on her way to Miss Bordillion's, feeling that her brain was as a chaos. Suffering—dying, from want of proper food! Maria had never been brought into contact with these hard realities of life; had never glanced at the possibility of their touching her own family.

Miss Bordillion—a gentle lady now, in a close cap and white hair, was surprised to see Maria come in. She had not expected her through such a wind, and it was later than Maria's usual hour. No trace of the heart conflict she had to do battle with for years, and to conquer, was discernible on her features—always excepting the hair: that had turned white before its time.

Maria threw off her shawl and bonnet, and sat down to the tea-table, in the middle of which meal she had disturbed Miss Bordillion. The latter rang the bell, and the maid brought in a cup and saucer.

"Some butter," said her mistress.

"You never were taking your tea without butter!" exclaimed Maria. "Eating dry toast!"

"It is well to abstain from butter sometimes, if we are bilious," said Miss Bordillion.

But Maria observed that she got quietly up, and, surreptitiously taking the sugar basin from the sideboard, placed it upon the table. So that she was also abstaining from that—and Maria had never heard that sugar would do good or harm to bile. An inkling of the truth flashed over her.

"You are abstaining from motives of economy!" she said in a low tone.

Miss Bordillion would have smiled off the subject with a jest, but Maria was eager and persistent.

"Why should you treat me as a child, or a stranger?" she continued. "Dear Miss Bordillion, I have just been initiated into the necessities of one household; let me hear what is amiss in yours."

"You have mentioned the word, Maria—necessities," was the reply of Miss Bordillion. "My household and luxuries have nearly parted company. Since you and Edith left me, I have been thrown entirely upon my own income: and that, you know, is little more than a hundred a year."

"But, to go without sugar and butter!" repeated Maria, unable to lose sight of the phase of the question practically before her.

"No great deprivation to me," smiled Miss Bordillion. "And, considering I do not pay rent for my house, which your father has never yet permitted me to do, I could make my income suffice for my moderate wants: but, alas, Maria! two families have to be kept out of it."

"Two!" uttered Maria.

"Can I see your brother and Edith starve?"

Maria made no reply. Her heart was beating.

"How do you suppose they have lived?" proceeded Miss Bordillion. "For a few months after their marriage, I remained very angry, and did not see them; I thought it so imprudent, so unjustifiable a step to have taken, and I joined Mr. Lester in his blame. They were positively without resources, without any, and during that period they parted with all their trifling valuables, and also got in debt. *Of course* that stopped their credit; that, and Mr. Lester's known displeasure—"

"The tradespeople might safely trust them," interrupted Maria. "Wilfred is my father's eldest son, and the estate will descend to him some time."

"Have you forgotten that the estate is not entailed?" asked Miss Bordillion, striving to speak in a careless tone. "Not an acre of it need come to Wilfred, not a single shilling: he may find himself as penniless at his father's death, as he is now."

"Oh, Miss Bordillion! do not hint at anything so unjust."

"A few weeks ago, Edith's baby was born, and died. She was very ill, and they sent for me. I deliberated whether or not to go; my own heart was inclined to forgiveness, but I did not like to do what would displease Mr. Lester. However, I went. Apart from Edith's state, I found things very bad. The rent of the cottage was in arrear, and they had nothing. What could I do, but help them?"

"And you help them still?"

"My dear, but for me, they would never have a meal. And all out of my poor little income. So don't wonder," she added, with an attempt at merriment, "that my butter and sugar are too costly to be approached lightly."

Maria fell into a most unpleasant reverie. She was revolving all she had heard and seen, all she feared. The part of the whole which she most shrank from, was the rumor touching the ill doings of her brother. Urged on by the necessities of home, of Edith, what might he not do.

"Have you heard the whispers about Wilfred?" she asked, aloud, flying from her own thoughts. "That he—that he—has been seen out at night, on Lord Dane's lands?"

"Hush!" interrupted Miss Bordillion, glancing round her with a tremor that seemed born of fear. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Cleveland Plaindealer, which paper has a great many literary and comic sins to answer for, is responsible for the following epitaph, to be found in Noble county, Indiana. The bereaved husband is said to be the honored author of

HANNAH'S EPITAPH.

Hannah, the young, the gentle, and the gay,
When called by Heaven must no longer stay.
Heaven lent her to us for about twenty-nine years;
And when she left, she left her friends in tears.
And this grave stone is brought and set by me—
Her kind and vacant husband, George M'Kee,
Who's left a widower as young as twenty-seven,
'Cause his dear Hannah's left and gone to Heaven.
Reader, repent, and learn to sing Hosannah,
For you must shortly die, as did my Hannah.

☞ George Augustus Sala says that once on his travels he had the honor of meeting an American gentleman who was proceeding to the Amoor river as Consul for the United States, and who had the American flag made up in the form of an umbrella, in order that in the hottest or most tempestuous weather he might still be under the shelter of the stars and stripes.

☞ In Winter the earth is three millions of miles nearer the sun than in Summer.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 15, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMOVAL.

The office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to No. 319 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets—about a square from its former location.

HOSTS AND GUESTS.

Our English brethren are a very systematic set of people. Even in their observance of private hospitality, they show their innate love of order and law, and generally very much to the astonishment, as well as the amusement, of their American visitors.

A gentleman on this side of the Atlantic, writes his friend to come and pay him a visit. He may say "a *week's* visit"—but, if he does say it, he has no idea of strictly limiting the stay of his guest to that time. In fact, he considers it a point of good breeding, to press his guest to stay longer, when the latter signifies his intention to depart.

In England, on the contrary, as we have been informed, an invitation—even in the very highest circles of society—is generally, if not always, definite. You are asked to remain a certain time—and you are expected not to overstay that time. In fact we have heard of cases, in which the guest found that his trunks had been brought down into the hall after breakfast, although he had expressed no desire to that effect. The rule being, further, that a departing guest shall leave soon after breakfast;—while an arriving guest shall make his appearance in time to dress for dinner.

All this seems very funny to an American. He is tempted at first view, to doubt the warmth of a hospitality which thus limits itself—and even, in certain cases, seems to *insist* on its limitations being observed. But there is a good as well as a bad side to the picture.

Hospitality, we have no doubt, is often restrained in our own free and easy land, simply because it cannot generally be limited when it is proffered. Your means and arrangements are often such as not to warrant the presence of a friend for a month, when a week's stay would be not only convenient, but delightful. In England you would give the invitation expressly for the week, knowing that at the end of the week your company would expect to depart; in America you hesitate to give the invitation at all, not knowing for how long a time it may please your friends to stay with you.

There are portions of the country where, with people of large estates, it is pleasant always to have guests. But even in such cases, where there is a large acquaintance, it may be desirable to have short visits from a number, instead of long visits from a few. In these cases also, therefore, it might prove desirable for hosts to limit their invitations, and for guests strictly to observe the limitations.

Of course when a guest is warmly pressed to stay longer, there can be no impropriety in accepting the renewed invitation. But a mere renewal based upon what is considered politeness, should not be confounded with an undoubtedly earnest and hearty desire on the part of the host for a longer visit. And there is no danger of confounding them.

Our readers will see by these remarks, that we are in favor of the introduction into our own social life of a modified code similar to that of our English friends. We would not advise the placing of the trunks in the hall or entry, at the expiration of the term of the invitation—for such *systematic* politeness is not at all in accordance with our American notions of courtesy and hospitality. But we would have the inviter always make his invitation definite as to time, and we would have the guest always careful not to exceed the limit of his invitation even by a single day. And we think that a conformity with these rules, would tend to increase rather than to diminish the exercise of hospitality and the pleasure of social intercourse among us.

ORIGIN OF KISSING.

Among the ancient Roman matrons and virgins, the use of wine was unknown, and the woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath smelt of the grape. Pliny says that *Cato was of the opinion that the custom of kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces had tasted wine.*

Our sweet friend Emilia says that Cato must have been a regular old cat-o. But we think the above opinion of his is the highest proof that he was a philosopher. No man but a cold-blooded philosopher would ever have traced the sweet and natural practice of kissing to so abstruse a source.

NORTHERN POLITENESS.

A "Southern Girl" writes in the "Southern Rural Gentleman" as follows:—

I am staying at Mr. ———'s, and like them all very much, although I cannot like Northerners half so much as I do my own Southern people. They act and talk so green, are so cold and formal, yet very kind. I have made some very pleasant acquaintances, and, on the whole, enjoy myself very much. But, hurrah for the South, darkies and all! I don't believe you have a field hand on the place who has not more politeness than these Northerners. *When you get into a crowded car, or omnibus, the men will sit, not one offering a seat. Only one gentleman has gotten up and given me his seat since I arrived within the Northern limits*, better believe I thanked him for it.—They are the most supremely selfish of any people I ever saw, will really knock you over in the street rather than let you get ahead of them. I just stand right still sometimes and let them go along, for if they can't wait a minute to let a lady pass, they may knock me down, for I will not budge.

The young lady who writes the above, it would appear, has been visiting in New York. It is rather amusing to hear a country girl say of the New Yorkers that "they act and talk so *green*"—this is turning the tables on the Gothamites with a vengeance. Of all things, to call them "green!"

But that wholesale charge against Northerners of a want of politeness is funny.—We do not know the practice in New York, but in the street cars of this city, the gentlemen are hopping up about half the time, giving their seats to all sorts of feminines, from servant girls and fish-women and *Dutchesses* of the realm, to the cream of the cream of fashionable society. We wish we had that Southern young lady in Philadelphia for an hour or two, we would engage to show her from twenty to one hundred instances of gentlemen yielding their seats to ladies in that length of time.—Really, to have a "noble-hearted, high-souled girl of sweet seventeen," going back home with such a horrible impression of us Northerners, is almost enough to make some of our susceptible hearted youths tie their neckcloths a trifle tighter than usual, and go off straight to the "demnition bow-wows."

IDOLATRY IN COURT.

We see that certain Chinese witnesses were recently sworn in the District Court, at Sonora, California, according to the Chinese custom.—A number of chickens were beheaded on the balcony of the court room, marked yellow paper and colored candles were used, "words mumbled," "the witnesses prostrated themselves before their Josh," &c.

We doubt the propriety of all this very much. The witnesses, it seems to us, should have been informed of the penalties of perjury, and then simply sworn or affirmed to speak the truth, according to our own Christian usages. Doubtless this killing of chickens was simply sacrificing to their Josh, or idol worship, and Judge Creaber should not have allowed it. We hope that this will be the last, as well as the first, instance of the kind in any American court.

CHANCE.

It is fearful to think that a stray bullet may destroy Garibaldi, the Liberator, at any time, and throw back the hopes of Italy for another twenty years.—*Exchange Paper.*

We do not believe in *stray* bullets destroying a man like Garibaldi. We believe that if it is best his life should be preserved, it will be preserved, as our own Washington's was, not only against "stray bullets," but against bullets sent from a supposed unerring rifle. If not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge and permission of the great Ruler of the universe, and if the hairs even of common men are all numbered, it is not likely that a great leader like Garibaldi will fall to the ground without a good reason, or one of his hairs be injured unless for the good of man.

A BALD HEADED gentleman in England has realized a beautiful crop of down, which bids fair to become hair, if it continues to grow, from the application of plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking a cast of his features. The artist, a well-known maker of busts, vouches for the fact.

We expect to find all the bald-headed gentlemen of our acquaintance with plaster casts of their heads before many months. We have always known that plaster of Paris would bring the hair "out," when put on the head soft and allowed to harden. We also remember a story of a lady who gave her children plaster cakes over night, and was surprised to find their legs grown so long, that they were sticking out of the end of the bed the next morning. Plaster of Paris seems to have wonderful qualities in the way of promoting growth.

THE ORANGEMEN.—The Prince of Wales having refused to receive any partisan demonstrations of respect—and the Orangemen of certain towns in Canada refusing to abandon their clannish processions—the Prince would not enter said towns, but passed on. The plea of the Orangemen is that the Prince having recognized the Roman Catholic clergy, should recognize them. Whether they be right or wrong, it seems to us that they are acting imprudently in persisting in their demonstrations. Why should they cloud the visit of the Prince of their own choice—just because they are so devotedly attached to the reigning family. Are they not satisfied with having the substance, that they must thus quarrel about a mere shadow?

CALIFORNIA WINE.—The *pure* California wine is said to have invariably the sour taste of pure wines in general—about equal to sour cider or diluted vinegar. Before it is sold, however, in San Francisco, it manages to acquire a very fine flavor. We hope that nothing more hurtful than sugar is used to make it palatable—though we fear the reverse. Who knows how a pure wine, tasting like diluted vinegar, is made into a rich, sweet and luscious article?

You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor.

The above is going the rounds of the papers. Who knows its author. We do, of course—but we would like to puzzle our readers with it a little before telling.

THE BRITISH CROPS.

The English and Irish journals give a deplorable picture of the crops—rain, rain, rain, has been the constant complaint. In Ireland oats, wheat and potatoes all look badly. In England the worst results are apprehended. Making due allowance for exaggeration, the British grain crops will probably not average more than half the usual amounts.

Fortunately the late reports of the yield in our Western States confirm the previous advices. We see statements of whole States yielding an average of thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. When there is such a falling off in England and France, it is a blessed thing that we have an over crop in this country. Besides, John Bull is so rich—so fairly dropping with fatness—that we think it will do him good to bring him down a little—put him in "fighting condition," in case of a contest with France. We are thus helping him, while a little of his great wealth will make our Western prairies smile with joy. Send over the orders, John—don't let Louis Napoleon, with his open ports, get before you. They say you will want some sixty millions of bushels—hurry along the orders, John.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.—The Miss Alrichs' Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, situated in Roxborough, accessible by the Philadelphia and Norristown Railroad, and also by city cars, opened September 10th. The number of boarding pupils is limited.—For circulars, address Miss Alrich, Leverington Post Office, Phila.

References: Rev. H. Malcom, C. T. Jones, Esq., A. L. Jones, Esq., Roxborough; Hon. C. J. Dupont, Samuel Canby, Esq., Wilmington, Del., and Rev. J. Castle, Phila.

PAPER MONEY.—To make the exchanges of India a currency of from £150,000,000 to £300,000,000 in gold and silver is now employed. The introduction of paper money is therefore being urged, on the ground that it will enable a large portion of the above amount (released from the duty of making exchanges) to be devoted to manufacturing and other business purposes.

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.—According to the census, St. Louis is even now the Queen of the West—having 161,000 inhabitants to Cincinnati's 158,000. We sympathise with Cincinnati, and also with St. Louis. "The Queen is dead—long live the Queen."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A.. in Four Volumes. Volume IV. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Samuel Hazard, Jr., Phila.

STORIES OF SCOTLAND. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

WORDS AND WAYES; or, The Saracens and Racket. By ALFRED B. STREET. Published by M. Doolady, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

NARRATIVES AND ADVENTURES OF TRAVELLERS IN AFRICA. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

DE BOW'S REVIEW, for September.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for September.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for September.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, for July. W. B. Zeiber & Co., Phila.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July. W. B. Zeiber & Co., Phila.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for August. W. B. Zeiber & Co., Phila.

☞ Age, which tames all other passions, never subdues the passion for dress in some females. Gay costume for advanced life is like "flowers wreathed around decay." Splendid jewelry on parchment necks is worse than a pun cut upon a tombstone.

☞ "A CALL" TO STICK TO BUSINESS.—A parishioner of one of the most aristocratic churches was heard, not long since, complaining about the frequent exchanges his minister made with neighboring clergymen. "What's the use of having a fifteen hundred dollar minister," he exclaimed, "when more than three-fourths of the time you have to take up with a five hundred dollar one?" "Fifteen hundred dollar" ministers should profit by this hint.

☞ Near Warren, Ct., is posted on a fence the following:—"Notis—Know kows is alond in the medders, eny man or woman letten their kows run the rode wat gets inter my medders aforseed shel have his tale cut orf by me.

"OBADIAH RODGERS."

☞ It is a common saying that when the devil can't overturn a coach, he mounts the box and becomes driver. Overdriving is sure to capsize the vehicle in the long run; so intemperate advocacy of any cause is certain to damage, and if persisted in, to defeat it.

☞ A lady in an omnibus at Washington espied the great unfinished dome of the capitol (which don't look much like a dome at present), and said, innocently, "I suppose those are the gas works?" "Yes, madam, for the nation," was the reply by a fellow-passenger.

☞ A good Arab horse in India now costs $900 to $1,000.

☞ "Miss Josephina," said a thick, cherry-looking lipped negro, to one of Africa's daughters, "Miss Josephina, will you do dis nigga de anticipation of dancin' Werginia reel wid im?" "I doesn't assent to dance vulgracious dances of dat sort, Mr. Casus," said Miss Josephina, turning up still higher her well-rounded lip. "I dances only de porker."

☞ We are told that in 1745 there was such a run on the Bank of England, that it only escaped bankruptcy by paying in six pences, in order to gain time—a kind of process not uncommon with many writers and speakers, with rather an opposite effect as regards credit.

☞ The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER THREE.

INTERLACHEN, August 15, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The first sight of the Federative capital of Switzerland takes all visitors completely by surprise; for, instead of corresponding, in any degree, to one's pre-conceived ideas on the subject of Switzerland and Swiss cities, the large and handsome town of Berne presents an appearance so Oriental in its character, that one can hardly believe that he has not been spirited out of his road by some strange mistake, and unexpectedly transported to some Eastern city! The streets are wide and regular; the houses, which are for the most part built of white freestone, are surmounted with projecting roofs, which serve to keep off snow and rain in winter, and to throw deep shadows halfway across the street during the heats of the brief, fierce summer. The same necessity of providing shelter from the extremes of climate so severe in this country, has led to a general adoption of arcades, occupying what would otherwise be the front portion of the ground floors; the space thus lost to the houses forming a covered way, paved, and furnished with seats at the base of almost all the massive pillars which support the first story of the houses. Upon these arcades the shops look out, displaying their somewhat primitive attractions to the eyes of the passers. The front of these arcades is usually slightly concave; the windows of the stories above are furnished with bright-colored leaning cushions on their sills, striped awnings outside, and innumerable pots of flowers. Balconies, too, are very frequent, and always offer some bit of gay color, in the way of cushions or awnings. All this, with the vivid contrasts of light and shadow produced by the overhanging eaves and the long lines of arcades, combine, as will be readily understood, to give to the Swiss metropolis the Oriental appearance which so much surprises those who see it for the first time, and which drew from one of our party—a sojourner in Eastern lands—the exclamation that, "were it not for the costume of the people, and the absence of camels, he should have fancied himself to be in Cairo or Bagdad."

The city of Berne—declared by all guide books to be "one of the finest cities in Europe"—stands on a lofty eminence, whose base is washed by the blue and rapid waters of the Aar, and commands magnificent views over the adjacent country, and the peaks of the Oberland. It possesses a beautiful Gothic Cathedral, University, Veterinary School, Military Academy, Theological College and Museum, besides being the seat of the Federal Government and the residence of the Foreign Ambassadors to the land of mountains.—Streams of pure water run down the middle of the streets, which are furnished with an abundant supply of fountains, some of the latter being of handsome construction, and a few of them of very comical design; as, for instance, the "Kindifresser Brunnen," or "Child-Eater's Fountain," representing an enormous ogre in the act of swallowing a child, while a dozen or two of poor little children, in mortal terror, are seen through the sides of a rude basket slung to the monster's waist, waiting to be devoured. This ancient piece of sculpture is painted and gilded; and is no doubt regarded with secret apprehension by many of the juvenile Bernese.

But whatever the feelings of the little people of Berne towards this venerable fountain, it can hardly be doubted that the famous "Zeitglockenthurm," or "Clock Tower" in the principal street, must occupy a high place in their favor. This curious old building consists of several stories, an enormous clock being placed on one of these, and various accessories of the same occupying the others.—At every quarter hour a cock makes his appearance at one story, and gives a shrill crow; at the half hours, a march of bears takes place at another; and at the hours, after a grand musical chiming, in addition to the performances of the cock and the bears, a knight in full armor makes his appearance in the clock tower, and strikes the numbers on the face of the clock with his sword, while a king, in grand robes, with a crown on his head, who occupies a fine Gothic tabernacle on the story above the clock, is seen to check off the number of strokes with his sceptre; and a ludicrous, nondescript figure in cap and bells, who occupies the lowest niche of the tower, and is apparently the jester of the sovereign so characteristically employed up stairs, is seen to wag his head, roll his eyes, and put out his tongue at every stroke told off by the military and royal personages above him.

The love of form and color seems as inherent in the north of Europe as in the south; though its popular manifestations—especially those of ancient date—are undoubtedly ruder. In the parts of Belgium, Prussia, and the minor German States through which we have been whirled along so rapidly by the steam-horses, we were constantly reminded of this fact by the carvings, statuary and paintings that met the eye at every turn; and as we make our way into the heart of Switzerland our eyes will be everywhere met by rude statues, generally painted, and mural pictures, on the fronts of *chalets*, in the humblest village churches among the hills, and, in the Catholic Cantons, in the innumerable little shrines, roughly built of mortar, and covered with a pointed roof of tiles or shingles, which stand by the wayside.

Berne is remarkable for the persistence with which it adheres to the customs and usages of the past; and among old things which it thus cherishes is the custom of keeping a couple of bears—the animal from which the city and canton derive their name, and which figures there conspicuously in signs, sculpture, and carving on public and private buildings, fountains, &c., in fact wherever it can be introduced—in a garden just outside the Aarburg Gate, where these shaggy favorites are kept at the public expense, and petted by the entire population, who supply them lavishly with cakes and apples, and seem mightily to enjoy the sight of their gambols. The custom has subsisted for several hundred years, and is accounted for by the ancient tradition which tells how Berchtold, the bold founder of the city, on the day when he had chosen the site of the future town, found, and slew, on the very spot thus chosen, an enormous bear. The famous bear, Martin by name, known to most of those who have visited Paris, and which a few years ago devoured an infant whom its nurse let fall into the sunk garden, in the Jardin des Plantes, in which a number of these monsters are confined, formerly figured in the capacity of public representative and favorite at Berne, and was carried thence to Paris by the French, in 1798, to the great indignation of the bereaved city. When the French had been driven out of Switzerland, and the ancient order of things restored, one of the first acts of the Bernese was to replace and provide for their ancient pensioners. The cost of keeping these animals amounts to about $140 per annum; and certain of the Bernese economists have already begun to wage war against this expense. It is not improbable, therefore, that the services rendered by Bruin for so many centuries, in figuring on the shield of the canton, may, ere long, fail to preserve to him the immunities he has so long enjoyed in the Swiss capital.

Berne possesses a large and very handsome railway-station; from which we proceeded, on a brilliant and very hot day, to the neighborhood of the lonely lake of Thun, which is reached by a short drive, and along which the tourist continues his journey by means of the steamer which plies incessantly along its shores. On leaving the steamer, with its gay awning, and the crowds stowed beneath its shelter, another short drive conveyed us to Interlachen, so called from its position between the sister lakes of Thun and Brienz; a village made up of inns and boarding-house, standing in the midst of luxuriant meadows, among groves of magnificent walnut trees, with a beautiful and rapid stream connecting the two lakes, and surrounded on every side by gloriously rocky and fir-clad hills, with the stately Jungfrau—the highest peak of the Oberland—shining down in front of you between two lovely blue mountains, from a height of 13,718 feet, covered with her mantle of eternal snow, and throned above an expanse of 115 square miles of glacier, constituting just one-sixth of all the ice-seas of the Alps. As for the wonderful effect produced by the snowy monsters of this region, in conjunction with the magnificent hues, tones, and shapes that meet the eye; the flowery turf of the valleys, with their village spires and brown roofs sprinkled over their expanse, the blue and white streams rushing through them, the massive walls of the lower hills, with their sombre drapery of firs relieved by grassy clearings, dotted over with chalets and grazing cows, melting off at last to turf and moss, and terminating in bare and rugged rock, with scores of silvery thread-like waterfalls lacing their sides, and wisps of vapor floating across and between their tops; and all the varying appearances produced by the alternations of atmospheric condition, which add so greatly to the beauty and interest of Alpine scenery—those of your readers who have seen them for themselves will excuse me from any attempt to describe in detail; while, to those who have not seen them, the most elaborate description would fail to convey any adequate impression of their appearance.—*What pencil, even, could represent the snowy height of the famous mountain rising in such* serenity of majesty in front of my window as I write? And how, therefore, should pen and ink suffice to picture it? For its whiteness, glowing there in upper air, with the intense blue of the sky behind it, and the full glory of the sunshine bathing it, and bringing out the sharp outlines and shining edges of the Silberhorn that towers from its summit, is not like that of snow as we see it on the flat surface of plains, and under ordinary conditions of low-land winter; neither is its glow, especially as seen through an occasional cloud, like silver, or anything but itself; a soft, brilliant, luminous sheen for which words can give no equivalent. The weather, which is always uncertain among mountains, was magnificent through the first day we spent at Interlachen, and the Jungfrau showed herself in all her splendor; but on the following day clouds began to settle about her, now veiling her, now half-melting, and showing her under a sort of spectral aspect, perhaps quite as striking in its own way as that of her sunny splendor. And every now and then as the rain, which soon fell in torrents, continued its pitiless inflictions, keeping us prisoners, to our great disgust, as we were impatient to be "moving on," the masses of white and gray vapor would part, or grow thin, for a few moments, showing the mighty mountain rejoicing in all the glory of sunshine, up above the clouds that veiled the rest of the landscape.

All the cows of the valley (and they are Legion) are, at this season, marched up to the mountains at daybreak, where they browse all day under the care of their keepers, coming down at nightfall to the flowery meadows of the plain. As nearly all of these useful animals are provided with a bell, hung round their necks, from a strong iron chain, the valley is filled with an all-pervading tinkling from the time the cows come down until they drop asleep under the broad walnut trees. These bells are of three different tones, forming a musical accord; their effect is, therefore, though plaintively monotonous, by no means unpleasing.

For those who prefer something more lively, a vigorous brass band plays every evening in front of the principal hotels; while balls, water-cure, whey-cure, and a "conversation-house," with a newsroom and library, shops for the sale of the charming object carved out of walnut wood by the Swiss peasants during their seven months' winter, and the beautiful muslin embroideries of the women of St. Gall, offer a variety of amusement to sojourners from a distance. Lovers of the picturesque could scarcely find a more charming scene than that presented by this valley; and as the accommodations are very satisfactory, while the neighborhood abounds in beautiful drives and rambles, it is naturally a favorite spot. The pine covered hills, through some of which good paths have been opened, provided with seats for the better enjoyment of the views, are most delicious places for rambling; the meadows, as already remarked, are full of flowers; and the air is delicious, as are also the wild strawberries that carpet the hillsides, and are offered for sale at every turn by the children of the place.

The broad valley is studded with villages, the cottages being generally built of wood, with the exception of the ground floor, which is usually of rough stone. Every cottage, however humble, has its balcony outside each story; made of wood, often ornamented, and always shaded by the overhanging roof. The people are very like Germans, in appearance, and speak German, but very badly. They are usually very ugly, and their dress is not calculated to set off their personal charms, even if such existed. The women's boddices, less pretty here than in some of the other cantons, are clumsy and awkward; and the broad linen flaps that come down over their arms, fastened at the wrist, and thus forming a sort of half-sleeve over the upper surface of the arm, are anything but graceful. Their coarse, blue or black skirts, and coarse stockings, complete a costume which is anything but picturesque, despite the lavish use of silver chains, with ornaments of filagree of the same metal, which they hang about their boddices in a very odd fashion, the filagree rosettes being usually fastened at the shoulder-blades, the chains attached to them being brought under the arms and fastened in front. All wear small, black aprons, and a chemisette of starched linen reaching up to the throat. The older women wear a coarse, black lace about their heads, and comb their hair up on the top of that appendage. Some of the very oldest-looking of these hags, who would be taken for eighty anywhere else, are scarcely forty. Insufficient diet, the inclemency of the weather, and the neglect of ventilation, almost universal among the Swiss peasants of the lowest class, make these people old before their time, besides producing goitre and cretinism to a frightful extent, and more commonly, it would seem, among the women than among the men.

High up, on a mountain-side in the distance, is the establishment of the benevolent Dr. Guggenbuhl, who receives the sufferers from the hideous throat-excrescence of the goitre, and the yet more hideous form of idiocy which so often accompanies that malady, and by means of exercise, generous diet, cleanliness, and fresh air, cures them of these complaints. The doctor's ruling passion is the desire to prove that both goitre and idiocy are caused simply by the defective diet, ventilation, and habits of these people; and the statistics of his practise appear most amply to bear him out.

The better class of peasants' houses are large, substantial, with large windows, and chimneys. They often consist of several stories, each of which is tenanted by a separate family. White curtains, flowers, and glimpses of substantial and comfortable furniture, indicate a fair amount of well-being among the inhabitants of these houses, but nothing can be more plainly indicative of squalor and discomfort than the dwellings of the poorer peasants. Their timbers are black and rotting; the windows are excessively small, and do not open. There is often no other egress for the smoke than through the roof, between whose shingles, or tiles, the smoke is seen escaping from one end of the roof to the other. The lower floor is used as a lumber-room in all Swiss houses; in the poorer ones, the horse or cow is frequently lodged therein.

All Swiss houses turn their gables to the road; and in all, the roof is longer on one side than on the other, being brought over the outside passage, or gallery, which no Swiss habitation is without. The balconies are sometimes of the rudest possible construction; but, in the better houses are frequently fronted with open-work, and elaborately ornamented. Pictures, or long inscriptions, are often painted under the gables. Almost every village has its school-house, which, in the Protestant cantons, is usually a large and substantial edifice. In the Catholic cantons, it is the church which constitutes the distinctive feature of the village: the decorations of the interior contrasting very forcibly with the rudeness and want of comfort visible in the dwellings of the people.

The rich Austrian banker, Baron de Sina, is staying with his family at the Pension Ober, *i. e.*, the boarding-house kept by the very intelligent and agreeable people of that old name, where our party also has taken up its quarters for a day or two. An English Earl and his suite, and a lot of other nabobs of different countries, are also staying here; and we discover that this "pension," which we had chosen in the belief that it was the quietest and most secluded of the innumerable establishments of its kind which compose this village, is really the most aristocratic of them all. The "Pension" consists of four or five different houses, several of them standing near one another in the principal garden; the others being a little way off in the adjacent fields. A post of carriages are attached to the house, and when it rains—for in Switzerland a rainy day is "no joke;"—some of these are sent round to the outlying houses, to convey their hungry and despondent lady-inmates to the great dining-room of the central house. The grandees aforesaid, however, are all lodged in their own apartments, with a staff of servants, and dine in state, apart from the crowd of ordinary mortals that assemble in the general *salle-a-manger*.

Yesterday being the birthday of the Baroness, her husband and family prepared a grand nocturnal *fete* in her honor. Our hosts' youngest child—a beautiful boy of seven—got up early, and went off several miles before daybreak, to gather a bouquet of wild flowers from the Wengern Alp, which he presented to the Baroness; the Baron being so much delighted with this piece of attention that he forthwith presented three golden Napoleons to the little fellow, who thereupon donned a very pretty costume, said to be the gala-dress of the shepherds of this region, all velvet, ribbons, and embroideries, and figured in the same for the rest of the day. The trees of the garden were hung with colored lamps, as were also the front of the house; transparencies, containing mottoes in her honor, lavishly ornamented with baronial coronets, were displayed above the gates; and a great consumption of fir and ivy, interwined with paper flowers, furnished the wreaths of triumphal arches, and garlanded the walls and windows of the dwelling occupied by the Baroness and her family. As soon as the rain held up—the fete had been deferred for a day, on account of the bad weather—the lamps and transparencies were lighted; the village band stationed itself under the windows of the illustrious lady, and alternately sang and played with a zeal that indicated generosity in perspective on the part of the great banker; and when it became sufficiently dark, a grand display of fireworks took place on the lawn.

All Interlachen, native and foreign, had, of course, assembled in the grounds to witness the display, forming a compact hedge of human beings, principally Swiss peasants, in their queer costume, but showing a respectable sprinkling of the representatives of every civilised European community. The fireworks over, some of the Englishmen present amused themselves by getting up three cheers for "la baronne;" and the grounds were then deserted by the crowd. Such a feast, however, went on all night in the Baron's apartments, where a few of his personal friends had joined the family circle of the great man, that Madame Ober and the servants were on the stretch until two o'clock, in consequence of which unwonted departure from the ordinary primitive sleeping-hour of the Ober establishment, the rest of the Ober boarders had the pleasure of breakfasting, next morning, an hour later than usual.

QUANTUM.

☞ A ROW IN PERSPECTIVE.—"Ma, Aunt Jane has been eating the honey," said an observing son.

"How do you know, my dear?" asked the astonished mother.

"'Cause I heard father say he wanted to sip the honey from her lips," responded the youth.

☞ A middle-aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman having surveyed him for a moment, said, "Pray, friend, I think you have a wife already living!" "It may be so, sir," said he, "for I have a very treacherous memory."

☞ At one of the battles of the Revolution, the Yankees were piling up ball which the enemy had wasted. The British commander applied to them for ball, as follows:—"We want balls—will you sell them?" The answer was—"Send us powder, and we'll *give them to* you."

☞ Thieves generally seem to care little for money when they have got it. No doubt it is to them a simple abstraction.

☞ Profane individuals may take warning by this sad revelation of

WHAT ONE OATH COST DAVIS.—Mr. Davis stubbed his toe, the other day, and said d—. The exclamation so astonished Mr. Davis's oldest boy, William Henry, that he dropped his hoe and rushed into the house with eyes so wide open, that they looked like "eight cent saucers." Mrs. D., seeing William Henry's looks, became frightened, and dashed out of doors to see if Mr. Davis had fallen into the well. While absent from the kitchen, Master James Davis set fire to his apron. This set fire to a box of shavings, while the box of shavings ignited the house. The result of this is, that being uninsured, Davis is out three thousand dollars, and all caused by his attempting to make a salve of a little blasphemy. Think of Davis, and learn wisdom.

☞ Don't live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

☞ LOST.—The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper:—"Made their escape, a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her hands and face unwashed at breakfast."

☞ Every man cherishes in his heart some object—some shrine at which his adoration is paid, unknown to his fellow-mortals.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY ON LAKE MICHIGAN—OVER THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.—Chicago, Sept. 8.—The steamer Lady Elgin was run into this morning by a schooner of Waukegan, and sunk within twenty minutes after the collision took place.

The Black Gagers, Green Gagers, and several fire companies of Milwaukie, who have been on a visit to this city, were on board the ill-fated steamer.

The names of the saved are H. G. Carryl, clerk; Frederick Rice, steward; Edward Westake, porter; Robert Gore, Thomas Murphy, Thomas Cunningham, Michael Connor, and John R. Hobart, of Milwaukie; Thomas Shaw, Tim O'Bryan, W. A. Davies, and Milliman Mills, of Ohio; Lyman Updike, of Waupan, and H. Ingraham, member of the Canadian Parliament.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

No accurate list or number of the persons on board can be given, but the following estimate is supposed to be nearly correct:

The excursion party comprised 300; the regular passengers 50; steamer's crew 35—making a total of 385. Of these but 98 are saved, leaving the number of lost 287.

The following persons left the Tremont House on Friday evening, and took passage on board the Lady Elgin:

F. A. Lumsden, wife, two children and servant, of N. Orleans (of Picayune); W. Garth and wife, Miss Anna Garth, and Miss Amanda Garth, of Paris, Illinois; F. T. Hall and lady, of Aurora, Illinois; Mr. Senfteleben, of the firm of Smith & Senfteleben, T. C. Henna; Mr. Pearce, of the firm of Goodman & Pearce; Mr. Barrow, Isaac Kingsley, of Milwaukie; Jas. Gospore, Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Kenosha, Wisconsin; Mrs. Kelts and four children; Mrs. Bond and two children: James Dellows, Mineral Point, Wisconsin; A. Buckingham, J. C. Pollard and lady, Milwaukie; J. Fitzgerald and lady, Milwaukie; Mich. Conegan and lady, Milwaukie; Herbert Ingraham, member of Parliament and proprietor of the London Illustrated News, and his son Herbert; E. White; Fanny Burns, Chas. Smith, Chicago; Geo. Morton, Superior City; Geo. L. Simpson, Joliet; Mr. Locke, Sheboygan; Mr. Leverune and wife; Mr. Michael M. Phillips, Milwaukie; John Horan, Deputy U. S. Marshal, Wisconsin.

None of the above named have yet been heard from.

A SHARP-SHOOTER'S EXPLOITS.—Capt. Travis, say the Memphis papers, keeps his admirers in a state of continual excitement in reference to his wonderful achievements with the pistol. His last proposition is more remarkable than any we have yet heard of. He says he will wager two hundred and fifty dollars that he can hit a mark without seeing it, and that the mark shall be placed behind the tree from him. He further says the judges shall select a tree not less than six feet in circumference. A board target, six by five inches in size, shall be placed behind the tree, at a distance of thirty yards from his position. He shall not see the target, but with his pistol will shoot around the tree, and out of twenty shots will hit the target fifteen times at least, making the ball go round the tree before striking the target. The match to come off within twenty days from the 21st of August, in Arkansas, within three miles of the city of Memphis, the place to be selected by the judges.

"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR."

Oh, think not that there's glory won
But on the field of bloody strife,
Where flashing blade and crushing gun
Cut loose the silver chords of life.
Carve deep his name in brass or stone
Who for his home and country bled,
Who lies uncoffined and unknown,
"Upon the field of honor, dead."

But carve there, too, the names of those,
Who fought the fight of faith and truth,
Bending beneath life's wintry snows,
Or battling in the pride of youth.
Whoe'er have kindled one bright ray
In hearts whence hope and joy had fled.
Have not lived vainly: such as they
Are "on the field of honor, dead."

And those who sink on desert sand,
Or calmly rest 'neath ocean wave,
Dropping the cross from weary hand,
Telling no more its power to save;
The true, the pure, the brave, the good,
Falling at duty's post, still shed
A radiant light o'er plain and flood,
Tho' "on the field of honor, dead."

Thus may we live, thus may we die,
In earnest, valiant, faithful fight;
True to man's loftiest destiny,
True to our God, ourselves, and right
Then when we sleep, as sleep we must,
In ocean's cell or earth's dark prison,
Be this memorial o'er our dust,
Tho' dead, "he is not here, but risen."

J. S. M.

WANTED---A DIAMOND RING.

I saw it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey ey-eye by pudgy trotting—and I stooped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

FOUND, this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Wilton Place, &c.

Before noon the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty five) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish—you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—a—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but, as the ring in my possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek farther. Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey!"

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned towards the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively got up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation, we are accustomed to promenade in the Park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—"

"Ah! how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, sir—handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant? No; I am wrong. Unfortunate, that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial; I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"I fear, madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir?!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—yes; actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity! I wish you a good morning."

Very harrowing, this. I am scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell.

"Oh, dash it?" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it! I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats, and spun along like ninepence for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold, I've just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthaed and that."

"What sort of a ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know—that's good."

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if *he* knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh! I know it's worth a couple o' ponies. Come, let's hear the damages, and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh! What, the Governor's? Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the Governor'd cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swop you any one of these for it, because of the Governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell in a minute, if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his Governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure trove. I retired to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a *lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid* my mental *ejaculation* was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for far other reasons."

"But," I said, gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the doorhandle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands, and cried out, "The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was.

"My dear child," (I am forty-five,) "it gives me sincere pleasure—" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now? Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been pencilling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologise for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one cannot enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open; I read—

DEAR JACK,—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring! I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in! If it's mine, the crest is inside; you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto "Armed at all points." Verily, truth is stranger than fiction! Keep it for me. Thine,

FRED. VYVING.

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third?—And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated.—But what am I to say to Fred?

LOUIS SAND.

MALARIA.

Heat generates malaria, and at the same time renders it innocuous, cold paralyses malaria, and it becomes hurtless. Again it is thus seen, how a little heat, applied to chilled miasm, may restore to it its violence, while a little cold after heat, brings it down to the surface from above, and gives it its malignity. Silence, at sun-down of an autumn day, it becomes a little cold, and the miasm becomes malign; at midnight it is colder, and it becomes hurtless; at sunrise it becomes a little warmer, and the miasm rises from the earth, and covers it five or six feet deep, to be breathed and to destroy; by mid-day, the greater heat has carried it again beyond the hurtful point,—thus the reader sees that there is no "mystery" in miasm, but that it is governed by laws as fixed as mountains of adamant. If a mill-pond is drained in the fall of the year, when the days are hot and the nights cold, just leave the bottom in a mortary condition, it would bring disease and death in a few days, if not in a few hours, to all who slept on its banks. No traveller dared to sleep at night on the flat, damp Isthmus of Panama, in the early days of California travel. But if that mill-pond were flooded a foot or two deep in water, the disease would abate as soon as if there had been a severe frost, because miasm can not be generated and rise through two feet, or even one, of water.—*Dr. Hall.*

MACAULAY.

In a late work published by Longman, of London, containing a collection of the writings of Thos. *Babington Macaulay, we find the following "heart record,"* which may perhaps explain why the brilliant essayist lived a bachelor:

"By thy love, fair girl of France,
And the arch and bashful glance
Which so well revealed it;
By the flush upon thy brow,
By the softly faltered vow,
And the kiss which sealed it;

"By those foreign accents dear,
Whose wild cadence on mine ear
Still in slumber lingers;
By thine eyes of sapphire splendor,
By the thrilling pressure tender
Of thy trembling fingers;

"By thy pouting, by thy smiles,
And by all the varied wiles
Which so sweetly won me:
Laughter, blushes, sighs, caresses,
By thy lips and by thy tresses,
Sometimes think upon me.

"Think upon the parting day,
And the tears I kissed away
From thy glowing cheek;
Think of many a dearer token,
Think of all that I have spoken,
All I may not speak."

FOR THE BOYS.—"How do you like arithmetic?" said Mr. Phelps to John Perkins, as he came home from school with his slate under his arm.

"Not very well."

"How do you get along with it?"

"Well enough. Sam Price does my sums for me."

"Why don't you get him to eat your dinner for you?"

"I couldn't live without eating. I should not grow any if I didn't eat."

"Your mind won't grow any if you don't use it. It would be just as reasonable for you to get Sam to eat your dinner for you, as to ask him to do your studying for you."

THE FACE OF THE POPES.—The cathedral at Simena, in Italy, has niches in which are placed busts of the Popes, after their respective deaths. Only one niche remains to be filled; the popular belief therefore is, that the reigning Pope will be the last of his race.

It is recorded that the Doges of Venice ceased when the niches for their statues were filled.

The Viceroys of Peru had their pictures framed in a public building. When the last panel was filled, the form of government suddenly changed.

These statements are interesting, *if true.*

☞ STARTLING DISCLOSURES.—*Succulent old person* (reads.)—"Alcoholism, as a disease, is now rapidly assuming a place in nosological classifications. The term is applied to the collective symptoms of a disordered condition of the physical and mental organization, from the use of alcohol. The chief features of the disease are:—a violet nose, tremulous lips, and (skips to a wrong column) white hat and spectacles!"—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The stupid son of a stupid father is a chip of the old block *head.*

FORGIVE US, AS WE FORGIVE.

Mr. Whitfield once sobered Gov. Oglethorpe, of Georgia, when abusing his servant for some misdemeanor, and saying in great excitement:

"The rascal shall suffer for it, for he knows I never forgive such offences."

"If you never forgive," said Whitfield, quietly, "I hope you never sin, or need forgiveness of God." There is instruction in the following story:—

"In the middle ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length seeing that all his words had no effect, he said:

"'My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?'

"The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior:

"'Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself taught to His disciples?'

"'I will do it,' replied the duke.

"He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' The duke was silent.

"'My lord duke, you are silent,' said the chaplain. 'Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, *if you dare to do so?* "Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive* them that trespass against us."'

"'I cannot,' replied the duke.

"'Well, God cannot forgive you, for He has said so. He Himself has given us this prayer. Therefore, you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you *as you pardon others,* is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment.'

"The iron will of the duke was broken.

"'No,' said he, 'I will finish my prayer. My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!'

"'Amen,' said the chaplain.

"'Amen,' repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself."

THE PRINCE OF WALES' CREST AND MOTTO.

It may not be amiss, for us to inform your readers of the historic truths as to how the said Albert Edward comes to be Prince of Wales, how he earned his crest—the plume of three feathers, in Welsh "*Y Pluef*"—and the origin of the motto attached thereto—*not* "Ich Dien"—which some wag years ago irreverently reversed, and rendered "Dyin' of the Itch"—but *Eich Dyn,* signifying, as "*Ecce homo*" does, "behold the man."

Anno Domini, 1284, the native Prince of Wales, Llewellyn, having been enticed to London, was tried as a rebel and executed; but the King, Edward I., finding that the Welsh people could defend their mountain fastnesses against all his power, and that they were resolved to have none but a native Prince, compromised the matter by taking his Queen to Caernarvon Castle, in North Wales, shortly previous to the birth of his son, (afterwards Edward II.,) and when in consultation with the Welsh chiefs, after promising them a Prince of Welsh birth, he produced the child with the exclamation, in reply to their pertinacity: "*Eich Dyn!*" "Behold the man." This agreeing with certain traditions traceable to the renowned Bard and Prophet, Merlin, satisfied the Welsh, who were never conquered, but became from that day voluntarily annexed to the Crown of England, of which they have been the most faithful and loyal supporters ever since.

The bravery of the Welsh has never been doubted, from the time when they opposed the powerful Plantagenets, to the day when in the Crimea the Twenty-third Welsh Fusileers were in *one battle* reduced from eleven hundred strong, to the fraction of *one hundred and forty-four.*

Having disposed of the popular error relative to the Prince of Wales's motto, to which we are sorry to say that many *compiling* historians have contributed by their endorsement, we now turn to the plume of three feathers—"*Y Pluef,*"—the crest of the Prince.

In the year 1341—when Edward III., surnamed the "Black Prince," and also Prince of Wales, commanded the English army in France—the celebrated battle of *Cressy* was fought—thirty thousand English being opposed to one hundred and twenty thousand French. During the engagement the King of Bohemia was slain, and the Black Prince retained as a trophy, the three ostrich feathers found in his helmet, which he subsequently adopted as his crest—hence "*Y Pluef*"—the three feathers, or ostrich plume ever since borne as a crest by the Prince of Wales. And here, *en passant,* we would recommend those who may have the decorating of any apartment in which the Prince may be entertained, when he reaches this city—to place the *correct* motto underneath the feathers, instead of the absurd one which is popularly accepted, and for which there is no authority.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ A man may generally expect a domestic "breeze," when his wife begins to put on "airs."

☞ A disappointed Hibernian, in relating his griefs, gave the following spicy item:—"I tould him had he any sthrong beer what was good; he axed me yes, but it was sour and all gone."

The Evergreen Mountains of Life.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time:
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal,
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this.
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from its palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are travelling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen mountains of life.

THE PROPER WEAPON FOR CAVALRY.

Like that excellent officer, the late General Jacob, Captain Shakspear holds the sabre to be *the* weapon for a horseman:—

The plan of arming cavalry with double barrelled rifle carbines and revolver pistols, making them think much of fire arms, seems to me, I must say, of very doubtful advantage. If you teach the trooper to shoot very accurately with his rifle carbine, with raised sights, at long distances, he will be filled with the idea that he can kill his enemy with it; and instead of closing with him, and using his lance or his sword, he will stop to shoot. Now, fire-arms are generally used, or should be used by cavalry, for skirmishing; and thus, since a man with his horse presents a mark at least eight times as large as the infantry rifleman lying down, he can scarcely expect, if both are equally good shots, to hit his enemy before he or his horse are disabled: the more so that the rifleman is armed with a finer weapon, and is most probably hidden, or partially hidden, behind a tree, stone, or bush. But let the cavalry skirmisher put spurs to his horse, and with his spear or his sword go at full speed at the infantry skirmisher, and the odds are all, in my opinion, in favor of the horseman. We, who are in the habit of firing at deer and other animals going at speed in the jungle, know how much practice it requires to kill them; in short, so much that, for one man who can do this after the practice of half a lifetime, you will find a dozen who can hit stationary objects. Now, the deer has no weapon which may make the hunter fear missing him; but *here the horseman is armed with that which* the foot soldier knows he cannot hope to resist, if he fails to kill his enemy before he closes with him. If the rifleman, therefore, fires at the horseman when going as hard as his horse can carry him, at about 120 yards, the chances are that he will miss or only wound the horse, and has not time to load again. He may, or may not kill him, if he reserves his fire until his enemy is nearer; but death awaits him almost for certain, if he fails to kill the horse or man; and, if he once turns his back to regain his regiment, unless very close to it, nothing can save him from the swoop of a daring horseman. Instead, therefore, of wasting money and time in trying to make the mounted branch good rifle-shots, and thus instilling into their minds the notion that fire-arms are superior to the sword and the spear, let us do all we can to make them believe that their horses and selves combined are irresistible. Let us teach them to become, when in the saddle, a part of the animals they bestride. Let us give prizes to the best horsemen, swordsman, and spearsmen; and let us make a man's promotion dependent upon his possession of these qualifications.

CONSOLATION.—IT IS NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS.—If you would have a fine estate, you must accept with it the cares of a landed property; a house in London, you must go through the wearisome routine of what is called "society." A stud of horses, many of them will be continually lame. A seat in parliament—you must labor and truckle for it as the poor, reduced tradesmen does to part with his combs, or razors, or whatever other it be, of which the sale seems to be the last resource of a ruined man. If you lie soft, you must often be sleepless; if you fare well, you cannot escape indigestion; if you drink wine, you must compound for a headache. Dives has not so completely the best of it at all points, even in this world.

LYING IN BED.—It is often a question among people who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or level with the body was the most wholesome. Most, consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now, although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus, and avoid danger.—*Medical Journal.*

☞ Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him, in a most important case, occupied himself with a favorite Newfoundland dog, seated by him. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation or malice prepense, Lord Clare raised his head and asked, "Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?" "I thought your lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

CLEAN YOUR CELLARS.

We have known many a housewife to be particularly careful about the cleansing of parlors and bedrooms, while the cellar was left without ventilation even when containing vegetables. Chemical changes are always going on in organic life in cellars, and the gases given off in consequence of these changes in vegetable matter, are always deleterious to the health of the family occupying the house. Even the fermentation of wines, beer, etc., in cellars not properly ventilated, tends to throw an atmosphere of carbonic acid through the entire house.

Disinfectants should be freely used in cellars. McDougall's Disinfectant may be used with propriety, as it has no odor. Charcoal in cellars is extremely useful for the absorption of deleterious gases. The endosmose action of the gases generated in cellars is such as to insure their passing through ordinary flooring and pervading the atmosphere throughout the structure, and, indeed, the volatile properties of many substances are much greater than we can understand in our philosophy. Thus, a cellar containing pig lead will give Devonshire colic, commonly known as painter's colic, to the occupants of all the dormitories above it, and still lead is not supposed to be volatile.—We knew a case some years since, where the portion of a building had been used for silvering looking-glasses, and the spilled mercury (quick silver) had found its way down into the lower portion of the building. Many years after, the cellar was fitted up for an office, and on introducing a stove, the volatilization of the mercury salivated all the inhabitants of the house.

Nothing is more common than to fill a cellar with plants during winter, and thus the exudation of these plants finds its way through every space within the outer walls of the building, to the very roof. All this is wrong and injudicious. Farmers often ferment their cider in the cellars of their dwelling; thus we have carbonic acid, acetic acid, and many other products, continually being breathed by the family. It is much better to have cellars for these purposes, under out-buildings, apart from our dwellings.—*Working Farmer.*

LACTATION OF THE HUMAN RACE.—In vigorous women the secretion of milk is copious.—The amount ordinarily furnished by a good nurse is from one and a half to two quarts daily, or from four to five pounds; but cases often occur in which two children receive abundant supplies from one mother, involving a secretion of eight pounds at least. An infant three months old will take from forty-eight to sixty-four fluid ounces daily, in six or eight half pint doses. During the first year, therefore, he will take from one thousand to thirteen hundred pounds. In one thousand pounds of milk the salts amount to twenty-six ounces, nine of which are phosphate of lime. In thirteen hundred pounds of milk, the salts amount to thirty-three and a half ounces, of which twelve ounces are phosphate of lime. It thus appears that during the first year, the child receives from one hundred and ten to one *hundred and forty-three pounds of dry solids.* He may thus readily gain fifteen to twenty pounds in weight—implying less than three pounds of dry solids—and yet have a residue from ten and a half to one hundred and forty pounds to be expended in the production of heat, and in activity of energetic vitality.

GERMAN STOVES.—The unaccustomed foreigner will be impressed with an imposing pile of delicate masonry which always towers up in one corner of his apartment, be it ever so humble. In its character it is so decidedly monumental, that his first idea will be, no doubt, that it is a sort of mausoleum or tomb erected by a grateful landlord to the memory of a departed guest. When he has conquered the sublimity of this idea sufficiently to proceed to investigations, he will find that the ashes it contains are not those of mortality, but simply of extinct turf and coal fires. The Germans, for a hardy and healthy race, are curiously sensitive to cold, and never neglect a reasonable precaution to guard against it. Their stoves are infant towers of Babel, starting from the ground and going up as high as they can get. Being made of a peculiar kind of porcelain, their radiating capacities are very great, and monstrous as they are in size, they may be fed with a teaspoon, so little do they consume of fuel. Nothing in the shape of a stove can be positively cheerful, but these contrivances of the Germans being white, and more or less ornamented, are relatively less dismal than their black brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

SEA VOYAGES VS. CROWDED WATERING PLACES.—To everybody, says the London Lancet, except some nervous and delicate females, and a few males with very susceptible, untamable stomachs, a moderate sea voyage is one of the finest tonics known. The rapid movement through the atmosphere, the change from latitude to latitude, the constant breathing of a pure, undefiled air, the complete relaxation of mind and muscle, the novelties of a sea life, and of nautical manœuvering, soon begin to work wonders upon body and mind. The complexion becomes clear; the eye bright, muscular movement easy, quick and vigorous, and the appetite keenly sharpened. The nervous, worn-out, exhausted, irritable person finally becomes fat, lazy and *insouciant.* For the victim of commerce, the votary of fashion, and the devotee of literature and science, we say there is nothing like a sea voyage to bring about that necessary and perfect "moulting process," as Schultz calls it, which eventuates in an almost rejuvenescence. Can a tithe of this be said of Saratoga, or any of the fashionable places of resort, in which our wealthy citizens crowd themselves and their families during the hot months of summer?

SPRING PUZZLE.—This is for the boys, and will be quite amusing to those who have never seen it performed. Take off the coat; tie the ends of a string together, and hang it upon the arm, and place the hand in the vest pocket.—The puzzle is to remove the string without untying it; the hand to be kept in the vest pocket, and the string not to be put around the hand in the pocket. It will require some contriving to find out how to do it.

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

BY B. S. G.

She stands beneath the dazzling glare
From chandelier and bracket shed,
With milky pearls twin'd in her hair;
And roses wreathed about her head;
With haughty eye she views the scene,
And fingers with her fan the while—
She moves ecdately as a queen,
And is more chary of her smile.

A broidered bodice, cut full low,
To give a glimpse of tempting charms,
And sloping sleeves, designed to show
The matchless beauty of her arms.
From many a golden-plaited loop,
And trimmed with laces o'er and o'er,
Her skirts of snowy satin droop,
In folds voluptuous, to the floor.

And near—like courtiers round their liege—
Her flatterers stand, contented well
To seem to share in that *prestige*
Which clings around the ball-room belle.
Or would she dance—and half the room
Are proud to bend at her command—
How gaily smiles the one to whom
She condescends to give her hand!

Oh, lady! list awhile to me:
Although there's beauty in your face,
Your form so slight and fair to see,
Your dancing full of ease and grace—
Oh! do not deem they love you true
Who flutter round where'er you move;
Their hearts will never break for you—
Men do not honor *dolls* with love.

You answer well for their caprice,
To dance and flirt an hour or so;
But, ah! your shallow sway shall cease
When ball-room lights do flicker low.
When morning to the world doth bring
Its real light, and aims sublime,
You are forgot—a trivial thing,
A toy unsuited to the time.

God gave to you a nobler part:
To soothe the ills of human life,
To cheer when cares oppress the heart,
And act the angel in the wife.
So, put your foolish fancies by,
And lay your ball-room sceptre down;
Be modest, earnest, true, and try
To win the perfect woman's crown.

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Was my recognition perfect,
Oh, thou soul God made for me?
Must I not have watched and waited,
On the land and on the sea—
Since, unknowing of thy presence,
Thine my soul sustenant to thee?

Oh, beloved! oh, remembered!
I could tell a weary tale!
How I pined, and how they wondered
That my cheek should grow so pale!
How I yearned to see the sunlight
Glitter on thy vessel's sail! M. B.

As Clifford left the library, Howe advanced through the hall, and accosted him respectfully.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have something very particular to communicate to you."

"Indeed!" said Clifford, abstractedly. "What may it be?"

"I cannot very well tell you here, sir," replied Howe, glancing towards the tall servants on duty. "May I take the liberty of asking if you return here to-day?"

"To dinner, Howe."

The man stepped back with a gratified smile.

"Oh, sir, that is the very thing I could have wished! After dinner, then, perhaps, you will allow me to say a few words—they concern yourself, Mr. Clifford, or I would not take the liberty of asking the favor."

"You shall say what you like, and when you like," was the good-humored reply, as Clifford passed down the steps, and hailing a disengaged cab at the corner of the street, dashed off to try his fortune, "like a prince in a fairy tale."

It was still unfashionably early when he reached Mr. Erlinford's door; but the lady of the mansion, having shut herself up in her own dressing-room in a fit of "the megrims," was unable to forbid his admittance, and a complacently civil servant ushered him up stairs into a pretty little *boudoir*, tenanted only by Helen and her old governess, half asleep, as usual, over her work, in the sunniest corner of the room. The old lady gave an approving glance at the fair haired, stately stranger. Helen gave him her hand, with a blush like that of the roses over which he found her bending.

"You must forgive this intrusion," he said, with a smile.

"Mr. Clifford knows he is always welcome; his visits can never be classed under that head," was the reply.

"Mr. Clifford has an excuse for this one, however."

"And what may that be? Not that it is needed. But as a mere matter of curiosity, I should like to know the 'open sesame' you are going to pronounce."

"It is a very simple one."

"So much the better."

"Only one word."

"Be kind enough to speak it."

"Regina!"

She flushed up a little, and looked at him from under her long eyelashes. How quietly he spoke the name! But had its charm so entirely vanished?

"Regina!" she repeated. "What has she to do with your coming?"

"She sent me."

"With a message?"

"Yes."

"To me—or to mamma?"

"To you."

"What was it?"

"I will tell you presently. What beautiful roses those are, Miss Erlinford."

"Do you think so? They are from the Hall. They used to grow under my window there."

"And when you took flight, did the roses spread their crimson wings and follow you?"

"Not exactly of their own accord, Mr. Clifford. The gardener sent them, and I have tended them most carefully here. They do not droop at all yet."

"I am sure they ought not!" he said, with an admiring glance at the little white hand that hovered about the flowers. "Would it be high treason to ask for one of those favored roses, Miss Erlinford?"

Her cheek deepened a little in color, as she answered,

"No!"

"I shall beg one, then."

"Do you really wish it?" she asked, without looking up.

"Can you doubt it?"

"There!" and she chose the fairest blossom, and held it towards him. He took possession of it and the hand together.

"Do not let it die to-day!" she murmured.

"Ah, Miss Erlinford, it shall be carefully watched; and when, in spite of all my care, it fades, I shall keep the dead leaves, to remind me—"

Of what, she was not destined to hear just at that moment; for the governess, too deaf to hear what was going on, inadvertently uttered a lively French exclamation, as a gandily-tinted paroquet flew from his ring, and upset a *flacon* by her side. Helen ran to repair the mishap, and to restore the truant to his perch. Of course, the conversation, so interrupted, could not be at once resumed, and her first question was,

"And where did you see Regina so early, Mr. Clifford?"

"Just fancy for yourself! I have seen her as Mary Stuart and Zenobia—*et cætera, et cætera*—a score of times. To-day she appeared in a new character—as Cornelia, with her jewels—or, rather, with her jewel."

"Was she in the Park?"

"You have guessed it!"

"You saw Stuart, then!"

"I did."

"And did you like him?"

"I confess he is a glorious little fellow!" And he related the scene with the cripple. Helen's eyes sparkled with tears before he finished.

"He has the best of hearts, and Regina has watched over him most anxiously. What did she say to him after this?"

"Nothing. She only sent him home as quietly as if he had been amusing himself in an ordinary way. That was the finest part of all. One word of self-consciousness from the child—one look of undue approval from the mother—would have spoiled the act. As it is, if she pursues this course with him, Lord Erlinford will be a 'peer of the realm' in very many more senses than one."

He sighed as he said it, and trifled with the rose he held. Helen felt that she trod upon dangerous ground, yet something urged her on.

"Are you sorry that you have met them? I mean Charlemount and Regina?" she asked, quietly.

"Oh, no! What could make you think so?"

"You seem so grave and sad, when you talk of her."

"Do I? I am unconscious of any such feelings. I may be grave, for I am getting old, and learning to feel lonely. I may be sad, but it is not for the reason you imply. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the hesitating answer.

"Only a little, I think. Is it because I was somewhat agitated when we met the other evening?"

She blushed, as his deep blue eyes were bent upon her searchingly.

"Not exactly. But—I should think it would be very difficult to forget Regina?"

"I grant that. Nay, I will say more—it would be very impossible!"

A little sigh answered him.

"But there are different ways of remembering her, you know. I loved her deeply, I confess—and she has cost me more hours of pain than I should care to tell you. But pain, thank Heaven, does not last forever—and mine has gone!"

"Entirely?"

"You are in an unbelieving mood. Yes—entirely!"

"I did not think so the other evening."

"It is always hard to meet those whom we have loved so tenderly, as strangers. Always hard to look, for the first time, at our treasure, after it has become the treasure of another. But the meeting and the look are now in the past, and they can never come again to either of us. I wish I could convince you of this."

Helen's heart gave a quick little bound. If he did not care *for her*, why this anxiety?

"I am going to dine with them to-day," he went on; "and I assure you I shall eat my dinner as quietly, with Regina at the head of Charlemount's table, as I should do if your friend yonder occupied her place."

Helen smiled, as he looked towards the governess, now slumbering serenely in her easy chair.

"I am glad to hear it!" she said, simply.

"But I confess, when I see that happy home, I feel one regret. I mistook Regina lamentably when I fancied she had no domestic tastes; but in those dissatisfied moments my fancy turned elsewhere for its ideal—and found it!"

She was quite silent.

"I see my blunder—and it is too late to repair it in one sense of the word. The woman whom I believed to be vain, and trifling, and unprincipled, is a devoted wife and a good mother, and I look at her admiringly, and say 'God bless her!' with all my heart—without one wish, however, to change the present for the past, believe me. With me she would never have been so happy; for I can see, at last, how little we were really suited to each other. From my soul I am thankful that she, to-day, is Countess of Charlemount, and that I am free!"

He dropped his voice as he said the words, and drew nearer the blushing girl.

"Shall I tell you what that one regret is, which I feel in Regina's home?"

She bent her head.

"I regret these years that have been so lonely—I regret the enthusiasm, the warmth, the ardor, that have left me forever. With them, I, too, might have won a woman's heart; they would have given me a home, and afterwards made it quite as happy as hers."

"They will come back to you again!" she said in a low voice.

He shook his head with a melancholy smile.

"Ah, never! It is not alone through her that they have gone. My whole life, as I look back upon it, seems to have been one unceasing effort to get rid of whatever might originally have been good and true within me. I have succeeded at last; and stand before you, Helen, to-day, a selfish, and worldly, and most unlovable man!"

Her eyes told a different tale, as they met his for one moment.

"Helen," he said, "I should not have ventured to speak like this, but for her."

"Regina?"

"Yes."

"What has she been telling you?"—and the fair face was dyed with a sudden rush of crimson, that revealed the secret of itself.

"You should rather ask me what I have been telling her."

"What?"

"That I love you, Helen!"

There was a breathless pause. He took the white hand that trembled so, in his own, and went on.

"That I love you—if not so madly as I loved her—at least, far more tenderly and truly. It did not pain her to hear it, Helen. She sent me here to-day to utter the words again to you, and wished me God speed on my journey. And when I said that I was poor and unknown, and dared not plead my cause, what do you think her husband did?"

"I cannot tell."

"He placed the pocket borough of Erlinford at my disposal; and I may gain your father's consent with it—if I can first gain yours—to my happiness!"

"Dear George!" resumed Helen. "He was always like a brother to me!"

"And to me! Thank Heaven that I can say it still! But, Helen, is his kindness to be all in vain? Six years ago I should have asked the question more confidently; but now I confess I tremble at the thought of what my doom may be. Can you love a man, Helen, who has no title to offer you—not even the title he once won by his pen?"

"For shame, Clifford!"

"Ah, Helen, take pity on me! I cling to you as my last refuge, and my only hope! It is life as well as love that I ask at your hands! Do not send me from you; but forgive my many faults and follies, and show me how to be better and happier in the future! Will you?"

The simple, unstudied words came brokenly from his lips, and the lips themselves trembled, and the eyes went dim with tears. Helen looked at him steadily as she drew her hand from his. Was she about to reject him? No! The hand stole gently back again—*given* this time, and not *taken*—and it was his darling whom he held in his arms, and whose fair head was lying on his breast!

Life has many a happy moment in store for such as can appreciate them; but none happier than this—the hushed, ecstatic moment after a love, long concealed and almost hopeless, has been acknowledged and returned! No kiss thrills like that first one; no embrace seems more complete than that which brings those long saddened hearts together—at last! at last! And though the lips may have kissed, and the hearts throbbed before, and for others, what matters that? The memory of a past joy has no power to sadden the present. It is there, living, breathing, and glowing, although its stay is but for a fleeting moment. Romeo and Juliet will, very likely, quarrel and part before a twelvemonth goes by; or, if they marry, will spend the moon *after* the "honeymoon" in throwing plates at each other's heads, or making up a "good case" for the Divorce Court; yet, according to our Poet Laureate—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

And Romeo and Juliet will probably be the gainers all their lives long, for that one brief season of bliss, too exquisite to be believed in, that followed their betrothal. What if it did not last? Such feelings were not made to last, nor are we strong enough to support them for a length of time. So if Clifford and Helen live a hum-drum life hereafter (as they very probably will do) it will be no affair of mine.—Having shown them to you in this tableau of peace and happiness, I shall not feel called upon to follow them beyond the church door, or to tell you how many times a day they fall out and "kissed again with tears," during the remainder of their double existence.

These wonderful moments to which I have alluded are always interrupted by some untoward event. The door opens suddenly, or the postman knocks, or the kitten puts a velvet paw into a work basket, and upsets a dozen things with a terrific crash; or a reflection o papa's bald head appears in the pier-glass behind Romeo, and scares Juliet out of the little sense she has left. In this particular case the lovers were startled by a shrill "Oh, dear!"—and darting out of Clifford's arms, Helen saw her poor old governess wide awake, and standing with uplifted hands and eyebrows, looking at the unexpected group. Helen looked so completely terrified, and madame so horror-struck, that after one or two vain attempts to preserve his gravity, Clifford burst out laughing.

"Can I believe my eyes?" cried Madame, in French; "is it *my pupil* that I see embracing—positively embracing a gentleman in my presence? What is to become of this nation, whose daughters—"

"Pardon!" said Clifford, coming to the rescue, and addressing the shocked old lady in her native tongue. "Surely, madame, whose beautiful eyes have done their work so often, will forgive this indiscretion?"

"Indiscretion!" muttered madame, somewhat mollified by the allusion to the dark orbs, which had indeed done wonderful execution in their time. "He calls it an indiscretion only!"

"It was nothing more, dear madame, I assure you; and all the blame rests with me. I was so overjoyed at seeing that she really cared for me, that I ventured to—to salute her!"—And, with all due gravity, he finished the explanation by asking, "Am I forgiven, madame?"

The governess looked at them keenly for a moment, and, shrugging up her shoulders, sat down again, with a peculiar smile playing around her thin lips.

"I refer you to her, monsieur. You must make your peace with her," she said, waving her hand towards Helen. And taking up her embroidery, she became, to all intents and purposes, as oblivious of them as if there had been no Mrs. Erlinford, to exact an account of her charge, in the world.

"Dear old lady!" said Clifford, apostrophizing her in a low tone. "She is a jolly old soul, Helen!"

"A what?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said, laughing. "She is a perfect darling—and so is some one else, not more than a thousand miles from me at this present moment."

"Be quiet, Clifford!" said Helen, retreating from his encircling arm. "We will not have any more indiscretions, if you please. I want to talk to you very soberly."

"Wait till another day!" he cried, gaily.—"At present, I am so happy that I cannot speak one sensible word. What a beautiful little hand you have, Helen! And why do you wear this ring? Who gave it to you?"

"Are you suspicious already?"

"Immensely!"

"It was my mother's gift."

"And the emerald?"

"My father's."

"Then, the torquoise?"

"I bought that, one day, while I was shopping."

"Lend it to me."

"Certainly."

She slipped it from her finger, and placed it on his own hand.

"Look! it fits! Wear it, Clifford; will you?"

"On one condition."

"What is that?"

"That, when I come to-morrow, you allow me to supply its place. I want it for a measure. Will you wear my ring, Helen?"

"You know I will."

She gave a little happy sigh as she spoke. It was all so strange—and yet so sweet.

"Do you know now, love, which way my fancy turned when Regina used to disappoint me?" he whispered.

"Not towards me?"

"*Yes—Leoline!*"

The blood flew to her cheek and brow.

"Oh, Clifford! what made you call me by *that* name?"

"I told you, last evening, that I had not forgotten the song you once sung to me."

"But why should you apply it so?"

"How?"

She gave him a look. A mist seemed to clear suddenly away from his vision.

"Helen!" he said, sitting down beside her, and taking her hand; "if I had spoken then—the day you sung that song—what would your answer have been?"

Her face was crimson; but she could not utter a falsehood, and, after a moment's pause, the answer came, sweet and clear—

"What it has been *now*, Clifford!"

"My own love! And while I have been roaming up and down the world, lonely and dissatisfied, Helen's heart has been following me—Helen's prayers, perhaps?"

"Yes; I prayed for you every night and morning!" she said, simply.

He covered his eyes with the hand that was free.

"I wish I had known it, Helen. We should both have been spared very much suffering."

"I am not sure that I would have missed it, dear Clifford!" said the gentle voice. "We shall both be happier for having undergone it."

"So many years wasted!" he murmured, looking sorrowfully at her.

"Not wasted!"

"By me, certainly. I have not turned my disappointments to any good use—they only made me more selfish—more irritable—"

"Stop!" she cried, laying her hand upon his lips. "You forget that you belong to me, now, and that I will not have my property undervalued."

"Ah, Helen—Helen! it is worth so very little!" he answered, kissing the little hand. "I wish, with all my heart, I was a better man!"

"It is never too late—"

"To mend!"

She nodded her head, and smiled archly.

"So the proverb says, Clifford."

"You shall teach me how to verify it, my dear one. With you by my side, I really think I may learn to be a little like what you would have me!"

"It will not be so, Clifford. I am not the one to make you better."

"What do you mean?"

"You must look higher for help," she murmured, in a solemn way.

His lips touched her forehead, with a reverent love.

A little timepiece in a recess struck the hour, and the paroquet uttered a shrill scream in the very ear of the old governess.

"Caro is ready for his dinner, and reminds us of it, my child," she said, looking at Helen, with a smile. "And I am very sure that your poor mamma must be awake by this time."

Helen sprang up, instantly, from her seat.

"Am I to take that as a veiled hint for my departure?" asked Clifford, rising also.

"I think the veil is a very transparent one," said Helen, with a smile. "The fact is, I ought to have been in mamma's room more than half an hour ago. She must be wondering what I am about!"

"Shall you tell her?" said Clifford, roguishly.

"No; let papa do that! She will be so angry."

"Poor child!"

"But then, your being in parliament may make a difference—I hope it will. She used to think you very clever!"

"Rely upon it, she will be utterly oblivious to all my cleverness when she hears of this!" said Clifford, gloomily. "What shall we do then?"

"Wait!" said Helen, under her breath.

"For what?"

"For her consent!"

"She may never give it!"

"Ah, yes; she loves me very dearly, after all! and I shall make George talk to her. He could always persuade her to consent to anything!"

"May I come and see your father, to-morrow?"

"If you like."

"And then I must say three words to you—and put that little ring upon your finger!"

"Very well!"

"You are never to take it off till I can put another in its place. Will you promise this?"

"Yes!"

"Now I am going home. Do you go out this evening?"

"To the opera, I believe."

"I shall see you, then, again."

"Shall you come to our box?"

"Unless you give me orders to the contrary."

"No! But I wish you would bring Charlemount with you. Your visit will not look so pointed then, and mamma likes to see you and George together. She says you both acted nobly last evening. She was very much pleased that you were reconciled. I think every one was."

"I am very much obliged to every one, and will exhibit myself with Charlemount this evening, according to instructions, if all goes well. What message shall I give Regina? Shall I tell her I left you weeping floods of tears over your sad fate, but that you accept it out of sheer pity for my desolate condition?"

"At your peril, sir!"

"Well, what then?"

"Will she ask you about me?"

"Of course! She is dying with curiosity all this while, and had a fit of illness simply that she might stay at home for my news."

"Well, tell her I am very happy!"

"Nothing more?"

"Is not that enough?"

She lifted her sweet eyes a moment, and he saw that they were full of tears.

"If I do not say more, Clifford, it is because I *cannot*. My heart is so full that I find no words to speak!"

"My own Helen!"

He drew her closer to his side, and kissed the golden hair that rested so contentedly on his breast.

"And you *really* love me like this?"

"Very much more than this, Clifford! It is not in you to see how dear you are to me!"

"My little English girl! And I have won her after all! Oh, Helen, it seems a thousand years ago since I first looked at you!"

"How very ungallant!" she cried, starting away. "I think, after such a speech, you *should* go home at once. And pray remember that you need not repeat *all my confessions* to Regina!" she added, with a saucy smile.

"I shall have so many of my own to make, that yours will be safe," he answered. "Good-bye, my own Helen."

"Till to-morrow!"

"Till to-morrow—yes! My dear madame, have the goodness to imagine, for one moment, that you possess no eyes!"

The governess smiled, and turned her head away. When she looked round again, Clifford had gone, and Helen was quite ready to accompany her to Mrs. Erlinford's room.

* * * * * * *

The Earl of Charlemount, going to his room, to dress for dinner, before Clifford's arrival, observed a small oblong box lying on his toilet-table, and addressed to him. He took it up, and cut the string mechanically, while he waited for Howe. A small parcel fell out, wrapped in silver paper. He removed it, and started back with an exclamation of surprise and dismay. A miniature painted on an oval slip of ivory-paper, and framed in gold, lay in his hand; a letter was beside it, but it fell, disregarded, to the floor, while he gazed at the face, once so beautiful in his eyes, and still remembered, though unseen for years.

It was the picture of a young girl, whose simple russet dress contrasted strangely with the proud carriage of the head, and the wonderful beauty of the uplifted eyes. The complexion was dark, and bright, and clear—a deep color tinged the healthy cheek and the pouting lips—heavy braids of dark hair swept back, and formed a natural coronet above the broad forehead—and the eyes looked into his, with a glance half-passionate, half-proud. He turned the case over. A mingled braid of fair and dark hair surrounded an infant's curl upon the other side. Beneath was engraved one word—"*Alice.*"

He dropped it from his hand, and something like a groan burst from his lips.

"Now, after all these years!" he murmured. "Are the sins of my youth going to rise up and make Regina hate me?—Who is there?" he added, starting up, as he heard a hand upon the lock of the door.

"It is me, my lord," said a familiar voice; and Howe glided quietly in, and began to arrange his master's dressing-case, at the other end of the room.

"The first bell rang ten minutes ago, my lord," he said, at last, seeing the Earl did not move.

"Confound the first bell!" groaned the unhappy man. "Howe, it would be a charity if you would shoot me!"

"My lord!"

"I am in earnest! Where are those pistols—the revolvers?—they were here the other day."

"They are in the library, on the next floor," said Howe, hesitatingly. "I cleaned them yesterday, and put them into the private drawer of your writing-desk."

"Well; you need not turn so white. I am not going to use them just at present. But, I wish—I wish" (he added, half to himself) "to heaven I had some one to advise me. Captain Grosvenor is out of town—and—"

He sat down beside the table, and leaned his head upon his hand, in bitter thought. Howe looked at him keenly for a moment; his quick eye also took note of the miniature upon the table, and the letter on the floor. Then he advanced nearer, and standing behind the Earl, said humbly—

"My lord, I may be taking too great a liberty, but if I can serve you in any way, I hope you will not hesitate to employ me."

"You are very kind, Howe, but you are just the one man on earth who can do nothing for me in this affair."

"May I ask how that can be, my lord?"

"Perhaps, I ought to say, you are the one man on earth who *will* do nothing."

Howe was silent for a moment.

"I am sorry you think me so ungrateful, my lord," he said at last.

"Ungrateful! Faith, man, 'tis I who have been ungrateful! And now I am paying for it!"

"My lord, I wish very much that I might help you, for I am sure you are dreadfully annoyed."

"You may well say that! Ah, if I could only trust you!"

"You may, my lord, you may!"

The Earl, looking down, musingly, saw the letter on the carpet at his feet.

"Ha!—a letter, too! This is getting better and better every moment!"

He picked it up, broke the seal, ran hurriedly through its contents, and burst into a wild laugh.

"I *must* trust you, Howe, whether I wish to or not. Do you remember Alice?"

"Alice, my lord? I think she has given me reason enough to remember her to the day of my death."

"Do you care for her still?"

Howe gave a little, low, unpleasant laugh.

"My lord, I hope you give me credit for better taste. Alice, if she is alive now—and I suppose she must be, since we have heard nothing to the contrary—is a reckless woman. I prefer youth, and beauty, and innocence, to age and vice."

"You have no more heart than a stone? Look at that! By Jove, though I love my wife with all my soul, I cannot look at that face without a twinge of memory and of pain!"

He held out the picture as he spoke. But Howe lost not an atom of his wonderful self-control. He gazed at it for a moment, and a slight smile played around his lips.

"Good heavens! do you stand there and laugh at it? Why, you would have married her—*if*—*if*—"

The Earl paused, and had the grace to blush.

"*If* you had not saved me the trouble, my lord," replied Howe, coolly, as he laid the picture down. "I know it. But a man can afford to laugh at his stupidity after he has outgrown it, you know; and it is by no means the first time that mine has amused me."

"Poor Alice!—poor little creature! That is all she gets either from you or me! Well, what's to be done?"

"Has she written to you, my lord?"

"I should think so! Here is the letter. But stop! Do you know nothing of this matter, sir? How came this parcel on my dressing-table?"

"I put it there, my lord, an hour ago."

"The deuce you did! And did you know what it contained?"

"No, my lord."

"Or who sent it?"

"No, my lord."

"Well, who brought it to the house?"

"A boy, my lord."

"In livery?"

"No, my lord. A boy out of the streets, I should say."

"Did he ask for me?"

"No, my lord. I was crossing the hall at the time, and I heard him tell the porter that it was to be given into the Earl's own hands. I went forward at once, but the boy was halfway down the street; so I took the package from Simmons, and brought it here myself."

The Earl's thoughts were far away long before the explanation was concluded. He mused over the open letter for a time, and then gave it to the valet.

"Well, there! see what she says. I hardly know whether to feel anxious about it or not."

Not a muscle of the man's face changed as he perused the brief, threatening note:—

"MY LORD CHARLEMOUNT,

"It is many years since you left me in Paris; and during those years you have been rich and happy, while I have been poor and wretched. Is it not time to turn the scales? What will your lady-wife say to the false marriage in France, and the letters, signed with your own name, that won me away from my quiet country-home to take a part in it.

"I am older than I was, and no longer beautiful. I have a fancy for a quiet life and home, and depend upon you to supply them. In addition to this, I request an interview with you to-day. If you are at 18, S—— Place, by half-past seven o'clock this evening, you will meet me; if not, I shall be under the painful (to you) necessity of calling at Charlemount House. Yours, as you choose,

"ALICE GRANTLEY."

Howe folded the letter carefully. As he did so, a few words on the outer edge caught his eye, and he read them aloud:—"*I shall bring the boy with me. He is like his father!*"

"That would be rather awkward, my lord!"

"The boy! What boy?" cried the Earl. "You don't mean that—that—"

"Alice had a son, my lord, six months after you returned to England!"

"The deuce!"

"I always supposed you knew it, my lord!"

"Not I! And why on earth did she never tell me this before?"

"Heaven knows!" said Howe, shrugging his shoulders. "The ways of women are past finding out sometimes, my lord!"

"A boy—my son! After keeping quiet all these years, they must both turn up like this! What am I to do, Howe? I would rather lose my coronet than have her enter this house!"

"A coronet is a heavy stake to lose!" said Howe, with a queer look. "But there is a way of preventing the visit!"

"By going to S—— Place, you mean?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"If it was at any other time. But how can I

absent myself to day! Mr. Clifford dines here, and I can hardly leave the Countess to entertain him, considering all things. It would be rather awkward, don't you see, Howe?"

A smile played around Howe's thin lips, but he took good care to keep it concealed from his master's eyes.

"I see no other way, my lord!" he observed. "Alice is quite capable of doing as she has said, and though the porter might send her away, it would hardly be without a disturbance. *Such* a disturbance," he added, pointedly, "as her ladyship would be pretty sure to inquire into, and get at the bottom of!"

The Earl groaned.

"Good heaven! I'm the most unfortunate fellow on earth! These things all happen to me, but they don't happen to other men! Look at that Ruth! What a narrow escape I had there!"

"Ruth lies still in her grave now, my lord."

The Earl turned pale, and shivered.

"Don't talk about graves, Howe. If the girl chose to die because I loved Regina best, was it my fault? And here is Alice, who never cared half so much for me as poor Ruth did, worrying me far worse! Heaven knows what women were made for—I don't; unless it was to plague our lives out!"

He ceased speaking and glanced at the portrait moodily. I don't suppose it crossed his mind for one moment that any one was injured by the existing state of things except himself. Alice was not, in his eyes, the gay young girl whose innocence he had destroyed, and whose life he had wrecked; but a middle-aged woman, desperate, and probably ugly, who would endeavor to turn Regina's heart against him, unless he acceded to every absurd request she chose to make for the future, and might at any moment cover him with shame and confusion, by placing her own base-born child side by side with that fair son, who was the darling of his own and his mother's heart.

"If I could be sure that the mere payment of a sum of money would end the matter, I would not care what I gave!" he said, at last. "But I know Alice better than ever you did, Howe; and I can tell you that she has the malice of a fiend when she is roused. If she has taken it into her head that I am to dance attendance on her at S——— Place, you may rely upon it that she will summon me there three days out of seven, and at the most unheard-of times; and if I refuse to go I shall have her here—"

"My lord, I beg your pardon for interrupting you; but the second bell is just ringing, and you have no time to spare. Come what may, you must dress."

The Earl submitted to the duties of the toilet, gnawing his lip violously all the while. As he turned to leave the room he looked at Howe.

"You have got me out of many scrapes; see me safely through this one, and you may name your own reward!"

"Do not fear, my lord!" was the quiet reply. "You will get through with it!"

"And well?"

"And well!"

"How will you manage?"

"You will receive a note while you are at dinner which *you must show to her ladyship.* It will explain your departure, and I will have the brougham in readiness! You can reach Alice by half-past seven, and be back here before Clifford has joined her ladyship in the drawing-room."

"That will do!" cried the Earl, with a relieved air. "Howe, you have taken a mountain from my breast! What should I have done all through life without you?"

He hurried down the stairs, excited and relieved. Howe, left behind, took up the picture of Alice, and looked at it steadily.

"What would you have done without me through life?" he whispered. "What indeed, George Erlinford!"

He pressed the portrait to his lips with a passionate exultation.

"The time has come, lost Alice!" he murmured, as if the senseless ivory could hear and rejoice with him,—"the time has come for which we have waited so long; and it is your hand and mine together that will hold the bitter cup to his lips! Ah, Alice! revenge is even sweeter than love! Do you not find it so?"

A footstep outside startled him; and hiding picture and letter carefully in his breast, he left the room, once again the sober, sedate, "confidential servant," and nothing more!

Clifford, radiant with his new happiness, received the congratulations of Regina, when he came, so gratefully, that he had no leisure to notice the somewhat excited manner of his host. Regina looked across the table now and then, at her husband, with wondering eyes.—Never before had she seen him so gay and animated; never before had she noticed just that flush upon his cheek, or that light within his eye.

"Do you feel ill, my lord?" she asked at last. "You look half merry and half sad."

"Ill? I was never better in my life! Ah! what is this?" he added, as Howe entered, and presented a note upon a salver.

"A letter, my lord, which was to be delivered immediately."

"Is the bearer waiting?"

"No, my lord."

Charlemount broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—

"I have just 'come to grief,' and want to see you. The bay mare (you always said she was shaky) has done my business at last, almost! The stupid brute fell down with me to day, in Hyde Park; and while she took care to come off sound in wind and limb, she treated me to a broken collar-bone and sundry bruises, which are anything but agreeable.—I am alone in my hotel, lipped to death. Will you come and say five words to me? I wish to consult you about a business matter—at once, if possible.

"Yours, disconsolately,

"TOM GROSVENOR."

With an admirably counterfeited expression of concern, the Earl communicated the contents of this note to Regina and Clifford. Regina's eyes were full of sympathy at once.

"Poor Captain Grosvenor!"

"He always was unlucky from his youth up," said Charlemount, evidently hesitating about going on with his dinner. "Send word to the hotel, Howe, that I will come in three or four hours."

"Three or four hours, my dear Charlemount!" said Regina. "Surely you will not be so cruel! Mr. Clifford, I know, will excuse you, and you can join us again at dessert. Do go and see what he wants! I shall be miserable if I have to think of him expecting you every moment, when you are sitting quietly under my very eyes, eating your dinner, as if you had not a friend in the world!"

"Yes—go, my lord, by all means," said Clifford. "Surely you will not stand upon ceremony with an old friend like me! If I was in Captain Grosvenor's place, and he in mine, I know that I should think it very unkind in you to sip your wine while I was tumbling from one side of the bed to the other, and muttering curses, not loud, but deep, upon shaky bay mares and unsound collar-bones."

"Well, I suppose I must go," said the Earl, rising from his chair. "Tell them to bring the brougham round, Howe. I am sorry, Mr. Clifford, that our quiet little party should be so unceremoniously disturbed; but I will endeavor to join you again at your wine."

With a stately bow to his guest and his wife, he turned away. An obsequious servant held the door open; but Charlemount paused a moment upon the threshold. Was it a presentiment of coming evil that made him give that long, lingering glance at the woman for whose sake he had lent himself to so much of deception and dishonor? Did he take a mute, unconscious farewell of happiness and her, in that one pause of doubt and uncertainty? Ah, Charlemount, even then it was not too late! One candid, tearful confession—one prayer for pardon—and by heaven and by Regina you had been forgiven, and loved once more! She smiled, and waved her hand, as he stood looking at her for a few moments.

Howe waited till the Earl's carriage drove away, and then went up-stairs musingly, till he reached a small but well furnished chamber near the roof, which was dedicated to his sole use. The floor was carpeted, and the walls covered with a pretty paper; there were flowers under the bird-cage in the window; there was a picture hanging on the wall. Possibly if the Earl had ever visited this cheerful little apartment, he might have had less confidence in his valet, for it was the counterpart of the miniature that smiled down upon all beholders here. But he knew nothing of Howe's "surroundings" or personal possessions, nor did he wish to know.

The canary, rolled up into a ball with his head under his yellow wing, only gave a sleepy little chirrup, as his master covered the cage with a cloth. A handsome, bold-looking youth was amusing himself by penciling the name "G. Erlinford" on the window seat, and surrounding it with dashing flourishes. Howe looked over his shoulder for a moment, smiling to himself, and then went up to two women, who occupied easy chairs at the farther end of the room.

One of them was very old, though a faint color still lingered on her withered cheeks, and her eyes brightened at the approach of Howe.

"Does the lady want me?" she asked, looking up eagerly into his face, which was a little flushed.

"Not just yet, Dame Goodwin. Sit quietly here for a few moments longer: we will not keep you very late! Have you had some wine?"

"Alice gave me half a glass, and then she put it away in the cupboard again. She might have given me a whole one; it isn't often a poor old woman like me gets to taste of such wine as that, you know!"

"I suppose Alice thought it might get into your head, Dame, and that would be bad for your story. But I will give you another glass, and some biscuits with it."

He produced a decanter from a corner cupboard, and placed a bumper before the old woman.

"There, Dame! Drink the Earl of Charlemount's health!"

"Ah, yes, my pretty boy!" murmured the poor old soul, her hands trembling so that she could scarcely lift the glass to her lips; "I always knew he was alive! God bless him!"

Howe turned to the other woman, who sat with her hands clasped upon her knee, looking steadily at the picture of the young girl on the wall.

"Well, Alice!"

She started, and turned round. Surely that face and form are not unknown to us! It is Mrs. Maining, the housekeeper of the Wilverton Cottage, and yonder youth is he for whose sake Roberts was dismissed.

"Well, has he gone?" she asked, abruptly.

"This moment."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing that you would like to hear."

"That, of course. But I must know."

In a low voice, and leaning on her chair, Howe told her all. She listened without a word. When he had finished, she stood up, and looked first at the portrait and then at him.

"And this is the man for whom that silly girl left home and reputation—and you!"

"Yes!" he said, sadly, as he also glanced at the girlish face, so different from the dark-lined countenance of the woman.

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"If I faltered for a moment when you first proposed this to me, you did well to bring me face to face with the ghost of my youth. I am as eager now as you can be to revenge myself on him. Shall we go?"

"Wait one moment," said Howe, taking the hand in both his, and speaking under his breath. "When our work is done here, shall we two meet no more alive?"

"Can you wish it?" she asked, briefly.

"Once you would have been my wife—if—if he had not come between us."

She glanced at him, and sighed.

"Why do you speak of that now?"

"Through him we have been separated all these years. Why should we not spend the last, as we would have spent the first!"

"Together?"

"Yes."

She drew her hand slowly from his; the red blood flushed her face, and she gave him a look that spoke volumes.

"This I did not expect from you! You might have spared me—"

Her voice faltered, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. The old woman looked up at her from her biscuits.

"What has he been saying to you, Alice? Never mind him; he always did like to tease you! Try some of this wine; it will make you forget that there is such a thing as trouble in the world."

"How dare you insult my mother!" cried the boy, coming forward, and putting his arm round her waist. "Look up, mother! Don't cry; no one shall make you cry, while I am here!"

Howe gazed at him a moment with a blended feeling of pleasure and pain. The lad's bravery pleased him, and his quick defence of Alice went to his heart; but he looked at him with the eyes and spoke to him with the voice of long ago, and it was almost as if his father had been there again—young and generous and beloved as he once had been. Howe's eyes were dim as he said,

"Don't be foolish, George; though I like you for taking her part. And, Alice, listen to me! I don't care who hears me say it! I have loved you all this time—I have never loved any other woman—and it was only as my wife that I meant you to stay with me! If you will marry me, I will try and make you happy: and this boy shall find me a better friend than his own father has ever been to him!"

"You cannot mean it!"

"I really do!"

"After all these years—and all that—"

"Hush!" said Howe. "We will speak of nothing but the present time. Will you take my name, and share my home—that is the question now? George, I think, will say a good word in my behalf, now you are convinced I mean no harm!"

"That I will!" said the lad, stoutly. "Take him, mother, dear, and we will go abroad, and live in dear old Germany, and be the three happiest people in the world!"

Alice smiled sadly, as she brushed the hair from his forehead, and kissed him. Then she held out her hand to Howe.

"I do not deserve such kindness now; but I will try to make you very happy," she said, humbly. Howe kissed her. It was the first time their lips had met for years; and yet the touch thrilled through all his frame, as it had done in his boyhood. Like his master, he had many faults; but, like his master, he also had one grand virtue—he could be faithful to the woman he really loved, when once he had won her.

Alice looked anxiously at the timepiece above their heads.

"Surely we ought to go."

"Yes, I suppose so. But you left a note for him at S——— Place?"

"Yes."

"How long did you ask him to wait?"

"An hour. But he may grow impatient, and risk my coming here."

"*Not he! He would stay there till midnight,* rather than meet you under this roof—especially since he knows her ladyship will accept his excuse for the long delay. Nevertheless, as it is always best to be on the safe side, we will go. They must have done with dessert by this time, and I shall not scruple to call Mr. Clifford from the dining-room. Have you the papers?"

"They are all here," said Alice, placing a pocket book in his hand.

"Come, then."

"And what is to become of me?" cried the old woman. "How long am I to be kept from my precious boy?"

"Only a few moments, mother," said Alice, soothingly. "George will stay with you till I come back; and when you have been down stair, you shall have some more wine."

"Like this?"

"Yes."

"Well, go then. But mind that you don't keep me waiting too long, or I shall fall asleep. I have not had my nap to-day; and I never go through the twenty-four hours without my nap. You ought to know that, Alice."

"Yes, mother, but you will be sure to keep awake a little longer, *for the sake of your boy!* And George will talk to you!"

They went down the stairs together. Regina had already entered the drawing-room; they could hear her voice, and that of Stuart's, blending pleasantly in song and laughter.

"Is it the child?" whispered Alice, as they stood upon the landing-place.

"Yes. Would you like to see him?"

"No!" she answered, shrinking back. "Poor little fellow, it seems hard for him, does it not?"

"Think of your own boy, Alice!—think of what he should have been?"

"True!" And the pitying look passed from her face. "It must be done!"

"Of course! Wait here for a few moments." And he opened the door of an unused ante-room. "I will come for you when it is time."

Alice entered, and sat down beside the window. Howe went swiftly down the stairs, and knocked at the dining-room door before he entered. Clifford looked up from the walnut he was peeling.

"Ah, Howe! Can you tell me that wonderful piece of news here?"

"No, my lord—that is, sir—I beg your pardon," said Howe, confusedly. "I must trouble you to go into the drawing room, at once, if it is not taking too great a liberty, to ask such a thing. Her ladyship is concerned in the matter, as well as you."

Clifford's face flushed hotly. What could this mysterious communication be, in which Regina also bore a part. He looked keenly at the man a moment, and then dismissing from his mind the momentary suspicion that he had been drinking, rose and followed him without a word. Regina welcomed him with a smile, as he entered the drawing-room; but stared the next moment, with surprise, at seeing Howe following him in, and closing the door behind him. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI DECLARED DICTATOR OF CALABRIA—REPORTED FLIGHT OF THE KING OF NAPLES—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH, &c.

The City of Washington brings Liverpool advices to the 31st.

Garibaldi had met with additional successes in Calabria, and been proclaimed Dictator.

It was rumored that the King had quitted Naples in a frigate.

The English Parliament was prorogued on the 28th.

The Queen's Speech says the relations of England with the foreign powers were friendly and satisfactory. She trusts there is no danger of an interruption of the general peace of Europe. She believes that if the Italian people are left to themselves, they will settle their own difficulties. She expresses the hope that the independence of Switzerland will be maintained. She laments the atrocities committed in Syria, and signifies her willingness to concur with the other powers to re establish order there. She experiences heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction at the warm reception the Prince of Wales is receiving in her provinces in Canada.

Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie were at Cnambri. They were enthusiastically received.

The Paris Bourse was dull, and Rentes 68f.

Garibaldi has been proclaimed Dictator of Polenza. A large number of Calabrians are daily joining him.

The latest despatches report that the Royalists have been defeated in Calabria.

It was reported at Paris, on the 29th, that the King of Naples had left on the previous evening, in the frigate Stromboli, and that the Piedmontese occupied the Neapolitan forts.—This rumor has not been confirmed.

Disturbances at Naples were imminent. Appeals to the people to revolt were publicly distributed in the city.

The Neapolitan Minister of War and Gen. Bosco had left Naples for Calabria, with six battalions as reinforcements.

A revolution was imminent in Salerno.

It was said that the Pope of Rome is ready to agree to the establishment of an Italian Confederation.

There was nothing new from Syria. Fuad Pasha had completely quieted the people.

Mr. Lindsay, a member of Parliament, had been authorized to proceed to Washington, to lay before the Government the views of Great Britain relative to the navigation laws and belligerent rights, and enter into negotiations for opening the coasting trade, &c.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In the Commons, 25th, Lord Palmerston said that there was no truth in the statement that Austria had threatened to support Naples. She adhered to non-intervention till her own frontiers were threatened.

Lord Palmerston also referred, in disparaging terms, to the Suez Canal scheme, a large number of shares in which had been taken by the Pasha of Egypt, and stated that the French Government have declared that they have nothing to do with the scheme.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston acknowledged the services of Abd-el-Kader to the Christians of Syria, and stated that the British Consul had been instructed to tender the thanks of the Government to him.

Lord Palmerston also said that the Government had no information relating to the intention of France to establish a fort on Lake Geneva, and explained the position of the Savoy question. The cession of Savoy had not yet been recognised by Europe.

THE SYRIAN WAR COMMENCED BY THE CHRISTIANS.—HOUSE OF COMMONS, Aug. 20.—Mr. Monsell adverted to the statement made by Lord Palmerston regarding the affairs of Syria, and read accounts which represented that the disturbances were commenced by the Druses, and that there was a complicity on the part of the Turks in the atrocities perpetrated by them.

Lord Palmerston said he did not deny that the Turkish authorities in Syria (not the Government) had misconducted themselves. He believed that the Maronites were the first aggressors, because large supplies of arms had been furnished them, and the attack began by the Maronites upon some mixed villages of Druses and Maronites to expel the former; and not long ago, Lord Cowley, in a conversation with M. Thouvenel, suggested that the outrages had been commenced by the Maronites, and M. Thouvenel replied that he believed so too.

FRANCE.—Napoleon, in a speech at Lyons, condemned unjust distrust abroad, and declared that nothing should make him deviate from the path of moderation and justice. His sole desire was to advance the general interests of France, and he urged the people to give their attention to works of peace. He was determined that, with God's assistance, France should not degenerate under his dynasty.

The pacific nature of this speech of the Emperor had caused an advance on the Bourse, and rentes were quoted at 68f. 25c.

The Paris Constitutionnel publishes an article, stating that the relations between France and Austria are excellent, and congratulating Austria on the reform tendency of its administration.

The reports from the French crops continued unfavorable and in consequence of their failure the Government has decided to admit breadstuffs free of duty.

It was reported that the Emperor had ordered the garrisons from Helfat to Memancer, to form a corps d'armee of 100,000 men, and to be ready, with campaign materials and artillery, to move at short notice.

GERMANY.—The Secondary German States strongly disapprove of the suggestions of Prussia for the re-organization of the army of the Confederation. They consider that the giving up the command of the military forces to one or both of the Great Powers, would be the first step towards their political extinction.

It is said that the threatened note from Austria to Sardinia, in relation to the movements of Garabaldi on the main land, will shortly be forwarded.

ITALY.—The Duke of Modena is enroling volunteers, in anticipation of warlike movements on the part of Austria.

RUSSIA.—It is asserted from a semi-official source, that Russia was certainly concentrating fresh troops in Bessarabia, and increasing her naval forces in the Mediterranean.

Notwithstanding the rains and locusts, the harvest will be the most abundant for years.

The Emperor of Russia gave a grand banquet in honor of the Emperor of Austria's birth-day, and proposed Francis Joseph's health in the most friendly terms.

FIGHTING THE LOCUSTS IN RUSSIA.—In Bessarabia the population has been called out against the advancing swarms of this insects as against an invading army.

A cordon of 20,000 men, under military order, was drawn round the district in which the locust had appeared, and the measures taken for the extermination of the pest had to some extent succeeded, when another band appeared in the same district, and in the government of Cherson. This insect army spread over the country till it covered an area of sixty wersts in length by twenty broad. It crossed the Dneister, and settled down on the forests and fields, devouring every blade of corn and every leaf. The cordon of defence extended along fifteen wersts, and an active war was carried on against the insects, but by the last accounts the result was doubtful, as the locusts had broken through the line and advanced into the interior of Bessarabia. They have also appeared in the vicinity of Odessa.

COMMERCIAL.—LIVERPOOL, Aug. 28.—LONDON MARKETS.—Wheat had advanced 2s on the week. Holders demand an additional advance, which has not been conceded. Sugar quiet; Coffee firm; Rice firm but rather less active; Tea unchanged; Tallow firm at 51s. 9d.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFF MARKET.—The Breadstuffs market, generally, closes quiet but steady. Messrs Richardson, Spence and Co., and Wakefield & Nash report Flour dull and easier prices; the quotations are unchanged; American, 30s.@32s. 6d.

Wheat quiet at last Friday's advance. Red Western 11s. 5d.@11s. 8d.; Southern, 11s. 10d.@12s. 6d.; white, 12s. 9d.@13s. 7d. Corn quiet; mixed and yellow, 34s.@35s. 6d.; white, 38s.@38s. 6d.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Aug. 28.—The sales of the past three days, including Wednesday, amount to 25,000 bales, 5000 bales of which were taken by speculators and for export. The market is generally unchanged, although the quotations are barely maintained.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are favorable, the markets closing quiet but steady. There was but little inquiry for cloths, and the prices were weak.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Provisions continue dull. Pork quiet; Bacon steady; Lard quiet at 62@62s 6d for No 5; Tallow firmer; Butcher's 52s.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Sugar is firm but quiet. Coffee dull. Rice firm and in good demand. Ashes—Pots quiet at 38s 6d; Pearls quiet at 29s. Turpentine Spirits firm; holders demand an advance, 31s being refused. Rosin firm; the lower qualities have improved; sales at 4s 8d.

☞ Paul Pry espying a man who was digging in a large pit, and being disposed to rally him, asked him what he was digging. "A big hole," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with such a big hole?" said Paul. "Going to make it into smaller holes, and retail them to you fellows to set fence posts in."

☞ During last year, no less than 629 agricultural articles were patented in this country. Of these, 117 were seed planters, 113 harvesters, 58 cultivators, 43 ploughs, 42 churns, &c.

☞ An Irishman, says the Pittsburg Post, working on the canal, lately walked into the water, and coming across a large turtle, with head and leg extended, retreated under great excitement, shouting to his companion that he had found a box full of snakes.

☞ A young man advertises in a London paper, his desire for a wife—"pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact!" Does he want a blind woman?

☞ A lover may imagine himself *discarded* when he sees another's name on the wedding-cards. His natural exclamation will be, "what's amiss?"

☞ A young Thespian was once entrusted to deliver the following message to Lord Randolph in the play:—"My lord, the banquet waits." But having lost the run of the sentence, he called out, amid the roars of the audience—"Mr. Randolph, your supper has been ready for some time!"

☞ Dobbs thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid. Dobbs should not be impertinent.

☞ We have heard of but one old woman that "kissed her cow," but there are thousand of young ones that kiss great calves.

☞ Lo! THE POOR EDITOR.—Editing a newspaper down in Alabama seems to be a poor business. An editor in Selma returns thanks, through his paper, to a number of his friends, who clubbed together and bought him a pair of boots—the first new pair he has had for a number of years.

☞ It is said that Dan Marble, well known to the old theatre-goers, was to have had a benefit the night he died. The bill read as follows:—"Benefit and last appearance of Dan Marble. This evening will be presented, 'Cure for the Cholera!'" Poor Dan died of cholera on the same night.

☞ Many who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to *produce false impressions* on the minds of others, respecting facts, characters, and opinions.

☞ Vice is sufficient of itself to make a man thoroughly unhappy.

☞ Envy increases in exact proportion with fame. The man who makes a character makes enemies. A radiant genius calls forth swarms of peevish, biting, stinging insects, just as the sunshine awakens the world of flies.

☞ A small rogue aiming at eminence in rascality is like a pimple aspiring to be an ulcer.

☞ It is said that Blondin has acquired such a fondness for "air-line" travelling, since he commenced his performances on the single string at Niagara, that when he goes out for a private walk he invariably prefers the telegraph wire to the high road as a promenade. Every week he adds some new monkey trick to his exhibition at the Falls; but we have little doubt that the grand finale of the spectacle will be a "drop scene."

☞ I think that one of the most deadly parts of the body to aim at, in most animals, is half way between the top of the withers and the bottom of the girth. If you miss the heart, your ball hits the lungs or liver. If it strikes too high for them, it will generally dislocate or break the verterbræ at the junction between the spine and neck. This is the spot in which the Spanish matador sheaths the point of his rapier, when he gives the bull his death-wound. Of course, after much practice you will become so good a rifle-shot that you may be able to brain an animal when you are near to him.—*Capt. Shakspear.*

☞ In a cannibal's eyes all men are Indian meal.

☞ There is a young lady at Cumberwell so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

☞ Question for Agassiz:—Was it the egg or the chicken that first made its appearance on this terrestrial globe? In other words, did the first chicken come out of an egg, or did the first egg come out of a chicken?

☞ Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered with a tablecloth.

☞ "Tommy, my son, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?" "Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I may have some more of those cough lozenges you gave me yesterday."

☞ A countryman who saw for the first time a hooped skirt hanging at a shop door, called to ask "What bird they kept in that cage?"

A YOUTHFUL HERO.

A correspondent of the New York Times says:—

An interesting story is told of one of Garibaldi's volunteers. Two or three days before the Dictator's departure from Palermo for Melazzo, he reviewed the corps of Major Sicoli, just arrived from Genoa. In the ranks he observed a small, pale and beardless boy, who had scarcely strength enough to raise his musket to his shoulder. Garibaldi ordered him, with surprise and a little of severity, to advance from the ranks. He inquired his age, and the boy answered, with a blush, "Seventeen," although in fact he did not appear more than fourteen, and certainly was not the age he gave himself. The General complained to Major Sicoli that the Piedmontese Committee should send him such recruits, to which the Major replied that the Committee no doubt thought that the patriotism of the volunteer was a compensation for his want of age. "Oh, yes, that's it," said Garabaldi, with humor, "and the next thing is I shall be charged with the abduction of minors."

The young volunteer stood trembling, with his eyes to the ground. "Your place is not here," said the Dictator roughly; "go back to school!" The volunteer blushed to his eyes, when Garibaldi added, with more mildness in his voice, "You see that your gun is too heavy for your small arms; give it to your neighbor, we have no arms to spare." Garibaldi gave the order that the young volunteer should be sent back, with some others who were found in the same condition, by the next steamer; but when the moment of departure arrived the young volunteer was nowhere to be found. All that was known of him was that his Christian name was Quinto, and that he was the son of a lawyer in Milan. Nothing more was thought of him for the moment.

On the 16th and 17th of July, two partial engagements took place between the troops of Col. Medici and the enemy near Barcelona. It was then that Medici sent to Palermo for Garibaldi, in anticipation of the battle which took place immediately after at Melazzo. When Garibaldi arrived at Barcelona, he first directed his steps to the ambulance, to visit the wounded of Medici's two skirmishes, who numbered, perhaps, fifty persons. He stopped with surprise before the bed of a beardless boy, whom he recognized at once as Quinto. Garibaldi interrogated him as to how he got there, wounded, after having being sent off to Genoa. The boy, more embarrassed than the first time, made his confession. He had scampered across the fields, had gained the high road to Messina, and followed on till he caught up with army of Medici. When Medici sent forward his reconnoitering party toward Melazzo, and became engaged with the enemy, Quinto watched his chance till one of the men fell; he then seized the fallen man's gun and accoutrements, and bounded forward into the thickest of the fight.

"And that's the way, you little rascal," said Garibaldi, smiling, "that you have got yourself maimed. Where is your wound?" At this question Quinto lost countenance, but replied, "In the back, General." "Oh! oh!" said Garibaldi, with a smile of pity. "You see now, *coglione*, that war is no child's play. I hope the wound is not dangerous?" "Oh, no, only a spent ball."

Garibaldi walked away with a shrug of the shoulders. In the back! The poor boy understood the insinuation only too well, but could not find at the moment a word with which to justify himself. But when the General was gone, he rolled on his bed of straw, snedding tears of rage and humiliation.

The General had not seen the young volunteer for the last time. The incidents which accompanied the battle of Melazzo are known. At the most critical moment, when the Dictator was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight in his own defence, he saw suddenly re-appear at his side, the young volunteer he had left the evening before at the ambulance. "What! that *gamin* again!" exclaimed Garibaldi. But at the same moment the poor boy made an effort to show his bleeding breast, and uttering a cry worthy of a hero of antiquity, "This time, General, it's the good side!" he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet."

THE COMING STRUGGLE IN EUROPE—PARTIES IN ITALY.—The Liverpool Times of August 18th, says that: "War is inevitable. There will be no permanent peace in Europe until we have had another great continental strife to arms. Events now approach so rapidly to a climax, that we may awake any morning to read the news of a struggle which may involve all the Great Powers before its termination."

A Paris correspondent sends the following statement in regard to parties in Italy at the present time:

"Letters from Italy state that there are two parties forming there and becoming daily more visible. One, Mons. de Cavour's party, the other Mons. Guerrazzi's party. Mons. de Cavour's party hold (and they strive by the press and conversation to diffuse it everywhere in Italy) that the French alliance is the sheet anchor of Italy, the French alliance, with Sardinia devoted to Louis Napoleon, and every Italian determined to follow blindly and implicitly Louis Napoleon wherever he may lead them. They say that the *coming struggles are to be struggles of races that the Latin races and the Anglo Germanic races are to enter into a strife, and appeal to the God of battles to decide which shall be master,* and that Italians must make up their minds and be determined to see the flag of Savoy floating by the side of the French eagles in the plains of Venetia and on the banks of the Rhine. Mons. Guerrazzi's party hold that Italy has no thing to gain and everything to lose by becoming the blind ally of France, because in the event of the policy of Louis Napoleon meeting a check Italy would feel the reaction, and the consequences would be more terrible for Italy than for France itself; whereas were Louis Napoleon successful in all his schemes, Italy would become the mere vassal of France. It is said the interview which is to take place between Louis Napoleon and Victore Emmanuel in the course of the next fifteen or twenty days will force the King to make his election between these different systems of policy—that the King is in favor of the first, and that we shall see this winter a closer alliance between France and Sardinia, and next summer another, perhaps a general war in Europe. The people of Italy, from hostility to tyranny and to Louis Napoleon's systematic mendacity, from resentment at the loss of Nice and Savoy and from increasing aversion to Mons. de Cavour, are opposed to this, his policy."

RISING PRICE OF KISSES.—Recently, an enterprising lover was condemned by a New York Court to pay a fine of $20 for having embraced a widow lady, against her will. It appears that the people of Canada put a still higher price upon kisses snatched from their belles. The following is from The Canada Courier:—"Not long ago, in a parish below Quebec, a young man of nineteen years, named G. A., wishing to testify the affection with which a damsel of the neighbourhood had inspired him, seized her as she was going quietly along the public way, and in spite of her resistance gave her a salute upon the cheek. The young girl, being unaccustomed to this sort of attention, and a little offended by the manner of the deed, brought a civil action against him; but, before the cause came to trial, by an amicable arrangement she compromised the matter for $50. In truth, it is paying a little dear for the pleasure found in a kiss!"

THE Bishop of Exeter (Eng.) has addressed a letter to a clergyman in his diocese, strongly condemning the practice of employing professional singers in churches.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FORGERY.—That unique work, "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," has been republished in London, in a unique fashion.—The publishers say, in a prefatory note, that "all German critics have now arrived at the conclusion that this strange, wild book is a romance and a forgery. Some of the letters are prose amplications of Goethe's own poems—the very rhymes being retained in the German original."

A PEDESTRIAN named Buckley has been amusing the Pittsburgers by performing the feat of walking one thousand miles in as many consecutive hours. They supposed everything was going on right until Buckley had a falling out with his agent, who stated that the pedestrian had frequently refreshed himself with five hours' sleep at a time, when no visitors were in attendance. Sensible man that Buckley—a regular "old buck."

A GREAT PROJECT.—The latest project of the people of Chicago is one to connect the waters of Lake Michigan with those of the Gulf of Mexico by an uninterrupted channel for steamboat navigation.

IN A FIX.—The Supreme Court of New York has decided that all marriages that have been performed by a Notary Public are illegal.—Thousands are thus divorced without expense of a suit. A fine time for the discordants of that discordant city.

M. VICTOR SEJOUR, a mulatto of Louisiana, and the author of the French dramas "Richard III., "Fils de la Nuit," and "La Tireuse de Cartes," is among the number that have just been decorated with the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, by the French Emperor.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—There is talk of the Great Eastern paying another visit to Hampton Roads. If she can get 30,000 bales of cotton, or 12,000 hogsheads of tobacco, or 75,000 barrels of flour, or 300,000 bushels of wheat or corn as a cargo, her owners promise to send her in two months' time. The Virginians are going to try what they can do to comply with these conditions.

IMPROVEMENT IN WATCHES.—A patent has just been taken out, they say, for an improvement in watches. The watches and other timekeepers are made permanently and completely tight and dust-excluding, and consequently will never need cleaning.

THE Prussian papers narrate a pleasing incident which recently occurred at an exhibition of necromancy in Koenigsberg. During an interval, a gentleman rose in the body of the hall, and, pointing to a lady who sat on another bench, addressed the conjuror as follows: "Herr Basch, your next trick, as I see from the show bill, is to make any person disappear that is pointed out to you. There sits my runaway spouse with her paramour. Pray make them disappear." The lady turned alternately pale and red, and the couple left amid the roaring laughter of the public.

THE Census Marshals of St. Louis announce that the returns are now so complete that the estimate may be made. The total population amounts to 161,000, making 106 per cent. gain since 1850.

THE SUNDAY CAR QUESTION.—The subject of running the horse cars on Sundays is before the Aldermen of Charlestown, Mass. The petitioners in favor of running Sunday cars number 1,050, and the remonstrants number 600, all on both sides being legal voters.

THE Orangemen at Kingston, Canada, having insisted on parading and displaying their colors on the reception of the Prince of Wales, he refused to land there if any partisan spirit is manifested. They persisting, he did not land.

RISE IN OCEAN FREIGHTS.—One shilling and sixpence sterling was paid on Tuesday, the New York Courier says, as the freight, per bushel, for wheat to Liverpool, by one of the British screw steamers. It is but a short time since flour was shipped at the same rate per barrel.

AN ENGLISH LADY IN THE PULPIT.—The Rev. W. Booth having been laid aside by indisposition for a week or two, Mrs. Booth officiated for him in Bethesda Chapel, Newcastle, England. The lady grounded her discourse on "Strive to enter in at the straight gate," &c., and the large audience which had congregated to hear it, sat with evident interest, listening to her chaste and fervid eloquence for upwards of an hour. The service was a very effective one.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times says that Garibaldi has written to a friend that he felt disgusted at the conduct of the Neapolitans, and that he would not appear there until they had been in insurrection for a month.

WILD PIGEONS.—The number of wild pigeons shipped East from Michigan the past season, is over 2,000,000—sold for $25,000, and paid $3,500 freight.

SHARPS WIT.—A friend, visiting Atlantic City, was asked how he spent Sunday. "Well," said he, "among the Sabbath-breakers."

THE FRUIT CROPS OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY.—The apple and other fruit crops of the Connecticut valley promises an abundant yield this season.

A clergyman of the Church of England states that application was once made to him to undertake the direction of what was called "a religious journal." Before giving a final answer, he went to consult a brother clergyman, who was editor of a "review," telling him that he feared the sort of effect which the style of writing used in such works would have upon himself. His friend told him that his objection was well founded, for it was absolutely necessary for the editor of a newspaper of any kind "to have a touch of the devil in him." Upon hearing of this new agent in the concern, the clergyman declined the proposition.

NOVEL FRAUD.—The Detroit Gas Company has recently detected one John Boyle in the private sale of "rights" and "instructions" for the use of an invention of his, by which gas meters could be prevented from showing the amount consumed. Two of his customers were also arrested for having paid him a round sum to arrange their meters. The company estimate their loss through Boyle, on some evenings, as high as 27,000 feet—worth $81. It is reported that Boyle has sold many "rights" for use in Eastern cities.

THE U. S. Census shows the population of Milwaukie to be 45 324 now, against 30,448 in 1855, and 20,061 in 1850. Chicago has 109,420, being an increase of 80,800 in ten years, the population in 1850 having been 28,620.

GRAIN from some of the States at the Northwest is going down the Mississippi in considerable quantities, to make up the losses occasioned by the drought in the South, instead of coming East, through Chicago.

A GREAT excitement in American securities existed in the London money market. Illinois Central Railroad stock had advanced 7½ per cent., the quotations being 16 per cent. discount for scrip, and 89½ for construction bonds. New York Central shares were quoted at 82, and Erie shares at 28. United States 5s 93.

ABUNDANT CORN CROP.—The corn crop in Florida is so large that it promises to be equal to two years' supply.

CURE FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—It is stated that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heat it over a lamp until it becomes very hot, and drop two or three drops between nail and granulations. The effect is almost magical. Pain and tenderness are at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations all go, leaving the diseased parts dry, and destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed, so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The operation causes little if any pain, if the tallow is perfectly heated.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.—According to the census returns, there is now residing in the north part of New Bedford, a family consisting of 14 persons. The father of the family is 45 years of age, the mother 41, and their 12 children are from 1 to 21 years of age, all of them remarkable for their quick intelligence.—There has been no death nor sickness in the family.

One thousand pounds sterling has recently been offered in London for a complete set of The Times newspaper, for a public library at Melbourne in Australia, but without success. The fact is an instance of the rising importance of the things that, at the moment, seem only of trivial value, scarcely worth preserving, but which to succeeding generations afford the most authentic sources of knowledge concerning the "form and pressure" of their time.

THE new census will probably show the number of slaves in the United States to be over four millions, at the rate of increase from 1840 to 1850. At the same rate, within the first quarter of the next century, it will be at least fifty millions.

THE Niagara Suspension Bridge has recently been treated to a fresh coat of paint. It is said that the operation required twenty tons of paint.

DEATH OF SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.—Montreal, Sept. 7.—Sir George Simpson, Governor of Hudson's Bay, died at Lachine, to-day.

A NEW ERA IN PAINTING.—We have been shown a new and singular machine for graining all kinds of fancy woods. Mr. R. A. Adams, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who is the inventor, has some of the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful imitations of oak, rosewood, &c., we have ever seen—in fact, we could scarcely believe the work *was* an invention The machine is a copy, line for line, of the original wood, and is then transferred to poplar, pine, &c., and is so perfectly natural that neither painter or cabinet-maker can tell the painted work from the veneer, even when placed side by side. Equally as great a feature of this machine is the expedition with which it does the work—a bureau drawer or a door-panel being grained in *one second!* Mr. Adams has taken legal steps to have it patented.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

The Auburn Advertiser, of Saturday, tells the following:—"Charles Haynes, then a respectable and fine appearing dry-goods clerk, of Niles, Michigan, married a young and beautiful lady of that place. There was nothing strange in that, but Charles was fond of variety, and left his wife and went to Jefferson City, where he contracted marriage with a second lady. He passed the honeymoon with her, and journeyed to a small town in Schuyler county, where he became enamored of a third lady, courted her sweetly, and married again. This time he was found out, tried and sentenced to the State Prison for a term of years. On Thursday three ladies entered the prison, separate and unattended, and each inquired of the gentlemanly clerk for one Charles Haynes. They were shown into the clerk's office, and Charles sent for. He soon made his appearance, and to his great surprise was confronted by his three wives, each of them in tears, and eagerly pressing forward to grasp him by the neck and exchange salutations of endearment. One brought him choice apples; another took from a basket some fine peaches; while the third forced upon him sponge and fruit cake, the produce of the Niles wheat, mixed by her own fair hands. After a prolonged interview, Charles was again sent to his hard work, and the trio of the widows took up their mournful march for their several homes. The meeting had been arranged by the Schuyler county victim, who had made up her mind to heap up coals of fire on the head of the deceiver, by visiting him in the manner described, and treating him with kindness, even though he had destroyed the future happiness and welfare of these estimable and worthy women."

THE DECLINE OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.—It is a well-known fact that the influx of gold and silver into Europe, after the discovery produced a marked depreciation in the value of those metals. This fall, from the time Columbus discovered America up to the present day, is estimated to have amounted, in silver, to a decline to one-sixth of its former value, and in gold, to one-fourth of its former value. During this period, the total amount of gold and silver obtained in America, and elsewhere, is estimated at $8,000,000,000. But, at the time, the annual supply of gold and silver exceeds $200,000,000, California and Australia alone furnishing about three fourths of that amount. At this rate, in forty years there will be a larger addition to the stock of the precious metals than during the four centuries previous to the discovery of California; and however much the natural results of this increased production may be temporarily modified by various circumstances, it is not reasonable to suppose that they can be entirely evaded.

During the last ten years, at least $1,000,000,000 in gold and silver has been mined, and already it has produced a sensible effect upon our country. Meanwhile, there have been business convulsions which have wrought great changes in the current prices of many articles; but underlying them all there has been a gradual advance in the price of most things, which practically amounts to a diminution in the value of money.

TAKE CARE OF LUCIFER MATCHES.—A little baby of Mrs. Eckfield, residing in the neighborhood of the Navy Yard, was seized with convulsions on Saturday, the effect of sucking the chemical preparation from the ends of friction matches, which the little one picked up while creeping about the floor. In keeping these articles beyond the reach of children, too much care cannot be exercised.

On the evening previous, some children playing with friction matches at a house on South street, above Seventh, set fire to the bed clothes in the second story. Damage $50. A similar case occurred on Saturday night in the northern portion of our city. Almost every day events of this kind happen, all of which may be attributed to two things, to wit, the prying curiosity of little children generally, and the carelessness of larger children particularly.—*Philada. North American.*

SCAT!—A gentleman in Winstead, (Me.,) had occasion, the other day, to introduce a water-pipe from the road through a drain some sixty feet in length to his house. How to do it without taking up the drain was the question. An old grimalkin solved it. Puss, it was known, had been accustomed to hunt in the drain for vermin, and even to travel from one cellar to another through its connections. So a fine twine was attached to one of her legs, and her nose inserted in the lower end of the drain, and the peremptory directions given her to *s-c-a-t!* She complied, and the line was at once received by parties in waiting. A stronger cord was next drawn through, and by that the pipe.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION."—Speaking of Saratoga, the Troy Times says:—"We were not a little amused one evening, while looking in upon a hop at the Union, last week. In one of the sets of dancers was a young man whose dress and air bespoke a sprig of wealth, if not of royalty. He would have passed for the Prince of Wales, or the Prince of Noodles. No one in the saloon equalled him, in the neatness or elegance of his attire, or the dashing nonchalance with which he played his part. He was the favorite of the young ladies, and the especial pet of managing mammas. Yet that young man's mother, a year or two since, took in washing, in the city of Albany."

☞ Tobacco-chewing men and snuff-taking women should be compelled to confine all their kissing to each other.

POLITICAL NEWS.

MISSOURI.—At a meeting of the Republican State Committee, the Chairman was instructed to prepare an address to the Republicans, urging them to vindicate their principles at the ensuing Presidential election, without affiliation with any other party.

WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the New York Times has been arrested at Washington, on the charge of libelling the Secretary of War concerning his action in the De Groot case, as well as upon other matters, which have given rise to charges against Mr. Floyd. The old laws of Maryland are in force here when there are no United States statutes contravening them. It is under this old law of Maryland that Mr. Goodice has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of $1 000 to answer at the Criminal Court. Samuel Strong, of New York, caused the action to be instituted, and Mr. Z. C. Robbins, of this city, is Mr. G.'s surety.

VERMONT.—At the recent State election the Republican majority was about 20,000. The Senate is unanimously Republican, while the House, thus far, stands: Republicans, 175; Democrats, 17—a Republican gain of 6 over last year. Returns from 100 towns give Fairbanks (Rep.) for Governor, 18,624; Saxe (Douglas) 6,268; Harvey (Breckinridge) 1,380.

DELAWARE.—At the recent election in Wilmington the People's party elected their Mayor by five majority, and a majority of the Council.

CALIFORNIA.—Political meetings are being held with remarkable frequency in the interior towns.

Senator Latham addressed a meeting of two thousand people at Sacramento, strongly advocating Mr. Breckinridge. This is the Senator's place of residence, where he is personally very popular. The meeting voted down the Breckinridge resolutions, and the majority cheered for Douglas.

The political newspapers have mostly taken sides, and as far as ascertained, stand, for Breckinridge 21; Douglas 24; Lincoln 7; Bell 3.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Fifth District, the Peoples' Party have nominated W. Morris Davis for Congress, and the Democrats Harry Ingersoll. In the Sixth District the Peoples' Party have unimously renominated the Hon. John Hickman.

KENTUCKY.—Mr. Breckinridge made a long address at a recent barbacue, defining his position and that of his branch of the Democracy, and vindicating the consistency of his course.

JUDGE DOUGLAS.—In a recent speech at Harrisburg, Mr. Douglas spoke in strong terms of the necessity of the protective policy, especially as it regarded the interests of Pennsylvania. He said "the government must either reduce its expenditures or increase its revenue. The only remedy is a proper tariff."

Mr. Douglas, it is announced, will speak at New York on the 13th; Elmira on the 14th; Niagara on the 15th; Rochester, (N. Y.,) 18th; Buffalo 20th; Cleveland 22d; Columbus 24th; Cincinnati 26th; Indianapolis 28th; Lafayette, (Ind.,) Oct. 1st; Chicago 3d October.

NEW YORK.—It is still doubtful whether the Breckinridge and Douglas committees will be able to agree upon a fusion ticket. The former demand ten electors; while the latter offer five.

INDIA DURING THE WAR.—One of the English historians, in describing the aspects of India during the time when the British legions were passing on their path to conquest, states the following surprising facts:—A feature worthy of notice during these troublesome times, was that the peasant and agriculturist continued their ordinary labor as though nothing in the world was afoot of greater moment than the seed they were sowing or the crop they were reaping. A battle might be fought in one field, and in another was the ploughman with his plough and oxen. Occasionally we saw evidences of distrust in our route—a well-rope and bucket and yoke all clean and moist by the well, but no oxen, no attendant; a plough just in the furrow, with oxen hard by, but no ploughman.

A CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—The Times correspondent narrates the following:—"Senator Egerton, being on a bit of a 'tare,' dropped in at the theatre, and became *highly* interested in the play, 'The Octoroon.' In the scene where the auctioneer sells Zoe, and knocks her down to McClosky at $25,000, and the bystanders are indignant, he says, 'I can't help it, he (McClosky) has the law on his side, and must have her.' Egerton, who sat in the front seat of the dress circle, rose up, and sung out, 'D——n the law; $30,000 for her.' The Zoe in this case being exceedingly pretty, the sympathies of the audience were with the last bidder, and they shouted, 'The bid is regular, let him have her.' It took ten minutes to quiet the house."

MR. W. P. PIGOTT has laid and satisfactorily worked an experimental cable between Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and Alverstoke, on the main land, which cable has the remarkable peculiarity of being uninsulated, and of having neither India-rubber nor gutta percha in its composition.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2270 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 9,00 ℔ 100 lbs. 55 Cows brought from $25 to 60, according to condition. 7300 Sheep brought from 7½ to 9c ℔ lb. 860 Hogs sold at from $7,50 to $8,50 ℔ cwt.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856			Pennsylvania RR		
" " '62	106	—	1st mort bonds	101	102
" " '67	108	—	2nd "	92	93
" " '68	107	—	" stock	41½	41¾
" "5" coupon '74s	102¾	—	Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	105
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101½	101¾	" stock	129	130
" " new	104½	105	Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
" "5"	84	—	mort 5's '44	90¾	91
Pitts 6 pr ct,	78	—	" '60	75½	76
" " coupon	49	—	" stock	22½	22¾
All'gy City 6 pr ct	68	72	Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
County	49	50	" stock	85	86
Penn 5 pr ct	102	—	Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
" 6	98	99¼	6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Tenn 6 "	91¾	92	Ches Val R R, '73	96½	—
" 5 " coupon	80	—	Tiona R R '75	—	88
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½	Wilms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	71
Missouri "	89¾	—	2nd "	10	—
Ohio " '1886	108½	—	stock	1½	1¾
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96¾	Catawissa	½	1
Virginia "	97½	—	Beaver Meadow stock	65½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—	preferred 10 pr ct	66	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91¾	92	North Penn'a R R stock	10½	10¾
N Y city, 1872-5	114	116	6 pr ct loan	72½	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.			Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	56½	—
PHILADELPHIA.			6 pr ct loan	97	102
North America	140	—	Minehill R R	64	65
Philadelphia	120	—	Har & Lan R R stock	6½	56½
Far & Mec	52½	53	bonds '79	90	—
Commercial	51	52	L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
N Liberty	60	—	Long Island R R stock	12½	13½
Mechanics	28½	—	bonds	65	65
Southwark	79	—	Erie R R stock	—	—
P Township	32	—	Hudson River R R	—	—
Kensington	50	—	N Y Central	87½	88
Girard	49½	50	Michigan Central	47½	48½
Western	65	—	Illinois "	36½	37
Man & Mec	26½	—	Michigan Southern	17½	—
Commerce	—	70	CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Tradesman's	62½	—	Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	75	75¾
City	43	—	imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
Consolidation	23½	—	stock	9	10
Commonwealth	—	36½	preferred	23½	24
Corn Exchange	25	—	Lehigh Nav stock	58	58½
Germantown	—	60	mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—	scrip	41½	42½
Exchange "	58	—	Morris Canal'd preferred	56½	58
Kentucky, Ky	120	—	Ches & Del	135	116
Northern "	125	—	bonds	80	—
Louisville "	112	—	Union	75	—
Farmers "	120	—	bonds	1	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	80½	89	Sus & Tidewater	2	4
Planters "	100	—	bonds, 1879	—	—
N O Gas Light	—	—			
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½			
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25			
Lehigh Zinc	—	1½			
New Creek	½	¾			
New Grenada	—	½			
N American Ins'co	17	20			
N Liberties Gas	—	20½			
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	—	50			
	94½	95			

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The European advices have given an upward tendency to the Flour market, and holders have put up their prices fully 25c ℔ bbl since the close of last week, with sales of 12,000 bbls to note, part for export, at $5,75@6 for mixed and straight superfine; $6,25 for City Mills do; $6@6,25 for extras, and $6,25@6,50 for extra family. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6,75@7,50 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is wanted at $3,62½@3,75, and fresh ground is very scarce at the latter price. Penna Corn Meal is also scarce and wanted at $3,50 ℔ bbl. Of Brandywine, sales of 1000 bbls have been made at $3,75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN.—There has been more Wheat offering this week, but with a good demand both for milling and shipment, prices are 3c ℔ bus better, and 40,000 bus have been taken at from $1,25 to $1,45 for common to good and choice Penna, Western and Southern Reds, and $1,46 to $1,60 for Whites, the latter for prime lots, which are very scarce Rye has been in good request, and scarce, at a further advance, and all offered sold at 75@80c as in quality. Corn has been rather quiet, the receipts continue light and mostly of common quality, and some 18,000 bus Yellow found buyers at 71@72c for fair, and 73@75c for good and prime lots, in store and afloat, closing scarce and firm at the latter price. Oats have been in fair demand, and some 30,000 bus, mostly Southern, sold at 35@36c, as in quality, chiefly at the latter rate for prime Delaware, some new Penna also sold at 25@36c, and old at 37@38c. Barley is beginning to arrive, and winter has been sold at 80c. Of Mill Feed, sales are reported at $18@20 ℔ ton for bran and ship stuffs.

PROVISIONS—the market for the hog product generally is quiet but firm at previous quoted rates, and Mess Pork is held at $19½@20 ℔ bbl, without much doing. City Mess Beef is steady at $12@14 ℔ bbl, as to brand. Bacon is selling in a small way to go South at 12@a12½c for Sides, and 10@10½ for Shoulders, cash and time. Hams range at 13@14c, as in quality. Lard is rather more inquired for, and about 500 tcs have been taken at 13½c, cash; kegs are steady at 13½@13½c. Butter is unchanged, and packed is selling moderately at 10@13c, as in quality. Cheese is firm at 10@11c for New York. Eggs are taken on arrival at 13c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market for this staple is steady and firm, with a reduced stock to operate in. The week's sales reach about 1200 bales at from 6 up to 13½c, for inferior to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, mostly of the former, cash and 4 months, including middling fair Uplands at 12½@12½c, cash.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, and further small receipts and sales of fine ground 1st No 1 have been made at $26,50 ℔ ton. Tanners' bark sells slowly at quotations.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and the market is dull at 34@35c ℔ lb.

COAL—Orders have come in slowly since the advance in freights, and there is not so much doing, the scarcity of vessels also has a tendency to limit operations, and the market is firm but inactive for the season.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the arrival of a cargo of Rio, and one of Laguayra, but the market is steady and rather more active, some 5000 bags having been disposed of in lots at 14@14½c for Rio, and 14½@14¾c, for Laguayra, on the usual credit.

FEATHERS are arriving and selling slowly at 50@52c for good Western.

FRUIT is arriving and selling more freely, green Apples at $1@3 ℔ bbl, and Peaches at $1@2,50 ℔ bkt. A sale of 400 bus Southern Pea Nuts was made at $1,75 ℔ bus, and 10c extra for bags. Dried Apples and Peaches are beginning to come in, but the transactions as yet have been very limited.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being mostly all out of first hands.

HIDES—Buyers are holding off, and there is little or nothing doing, except to supply the country trade, at about previous rates; a cargo from Porto Cabello arrived, and remains unsold.

HOPS—There are no new crop in market yet, and the stock of old is nearly exhausted, '59s selling to a small way at 14@15c ℔ lb.

IRON—There is rather more inquiry for Pig Metal, and some 3000 tons Anthracite have been taken, in lots, for future delivery, at $22@23 for No 1, $21@22 for No 2, and $20@20½ for No 3, on the usual terms. Scotch Pig is quiet. Of Blooms and Boiler Plates, the sales continue limited, and prices the same. Bars and Rails are steady, with about the usual business doing for present delivery.

LEAD—The stock here is light, and holders are firm in their views; a small sale of Va was made at $5,75 the 100 lbs.

LEATHER—Good stock continues scarce and firm, and meets with ready sale at fully former rates, but of other kinds the sales are limited.

LUMBER—The market generally is inactive. White Pine Boards selling at $14@17, and Yellow Sap at $13@15; Hemlock raft Lumber has been selling to some extent at $7½@8 ℔ M; a cargo of Pickets, 4½ feet, brought $7.

MOLASSES continues extremely dull, and the sales are confined to small lots of Cuba from 29 to 30c for clayed and Muscovado, and 45@46c for New Orleans, on time.

PLASTER has been arriving and selling more freely at $2,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is not much doing in Clovereed, which is selling at $5,25@5,50 ℔ bus—the latter for prime; the offerings are light. Timothy is coming in freely, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of 900 bus to note at $2,50@2,75 ℔ bus, closing at the latter. Flaxseed is rather better, and domestic is selling at $1,62@1,63 ℔ bus. Calcutta seed has advanced at the East.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy and Gin is rather more active, and prices are better; N E Rum sells more freely at 34@35c. Whiskey continues scarce and on the advance; Penna bbls selling at 23½@24c; Ohio do 24@24½c, now held higher; drudge 22@23c, and hhds at 23@23½c.

SUGARS—The market has been very dull this week, and a few small lots Cuba and Porto Rico only have been taken at 7@7¾c, on time. A small sale of low grade box Sugars was made on terms kept private.

TALLOW meets with a steady demand at 10½c for city, and 9½@9¾c for country.

TOBACCO—The transactions continue limited, and prices without any quotable change.

WOOL—There has been rather more doing this week, and the market is firm at fully former rates. The sales reach about 260,000 lbs in lots, within the range of quotations, mostly to go East, including 100,000 lbs fine, on terms kept private.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 8, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis		All bks uncertain	
NEW JERSEY.		LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
DELAWARE		OHIO.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
MARYLAND.		KENTUCKY.	
Baltimore par to ½ dis		Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		INDIANA.	
NEW YORK.		State bank 1 to 1½ dis	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		ILLINOIS.	
MAINE.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		MISSOURI.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks 2 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		TENNESSEE.	
VERMONT.		Old bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		MICHIGAN.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		WISCONSIN.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		TEXAS.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		IOWA.	
VIRGINIA.		State bk 1½ dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		KANSAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Kansas Valley bk 5 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		MINNESOTA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Bank St. Paul 5 dis	
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis		CANADA.	
GEORGIA.		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks 1 dis		FLORIDA.	
SOUTH CAROLINA.		State bk 2 dis	
Solv bks 1 dis			
ALABAMA.			
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis			

THE apple crop, according to the New York Journal of Commerce, is prodigious, exceeding any fruit crop since 1848. This remark applies to New York, New Jersey and Connecticut; to all the region from which New York city draws its supplies. In eastern Pennsylvania the crop is short, as it is also in Maine, and these are the only regions where the apple will fail this year. The abundance affects prices, so that even the Newton pippins, which are chiefly relied upon for exportation, and for the last ten years have brought from three to six dollars a barrel, are now held at two dollars.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. JOHN EVANS, late of U. S. ship Powhatan, to Miss CATHARINE C. BULL, of this city.

At St. Mary's Church, West Philadelphia, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. Thos. C. Yarnall, SAMUEL P. PEDRICK, to EMMA L. PEDRICK, both of this city.

Sept. 3, by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Martin, FREDERIC S. HILL, of Boston, to CAROLINE M. TYSON, of this city, daughter of Saml. W. Tyson, and niece of the late Hon. Job R. Tyson, M. C.

On Wednesday, April 25th, 1860, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. HENRY MCNAMARA, to Miss CHRISTIA H. CLOVER.

July 1st, by the Rev. J. McKean, Mr. HENRY RUAN, to Miss EMMA, daughter of Wm. C. Moore, Esq. both of this city.

At St. Paul's Church, on Thursday, 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, WILLIAM H. BUCK, of Baltimore, Md. to Miss AMANDA BURTON, daughter of the late Elisha P. Burton, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARTHA SAURMAN, wife of Yerkes Saurman, in her 67th year.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa. on the 3d instant, MARY ELLEN, eldest daughter of Major A. H. Bowman, U. S. Engineers.

August 23, 1860, THOMAS WILSON, Esq. formerly cashier of the Bank of the United States, in his 85th year.

On Saturday, 1st instant, Mr. WILLIAM CANN, in his 82d year.

On the 3d instant, at the Knoll, near Phœnixville, Pa. HANNAH MORRIS, daughter of the late Cadwalader Morris.

Suddenly, at Trenton, N. J. on Monday, Sept. 3d, PETER S. PHILLIPS, in his 34th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM NEWLAND, Sr. in his 81st year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. JAMES BLAIR, in his 85th year.

On Saturday morning, 1st instant, Mrs. MARGARET BOILEAU.

On the 1st instant, JOHN MORROW, son of Saml. and Sarah Morrow, in his 28th year.

CAUTION.
SPURIOUS AMERICAN WATCHES.

We are credibly informed that some of the Jewelers of ——— and other places are selling counterfeit and imitation American Watches, for the genuine article, manufactured at Waltham, Mass., and particularly a foreign imitation of our watch, named *P. S. Bartley*, which is represented to be manufactured in Hartford, Conn. It may be of service to the public to be informed that there is no manufactory of watches in that place. The genuine article of one grade of our watches is named P. S. BARTLETT, WALTHAM, MASS., and all our watches of every grade are marked "*Waltham, Mass.*"

It is hardly necessary to state that such watches are like ours in *form* only, and are made upon the same old system that has already flooded the country with watches that are not only vexatious and a constant source of expense, but really useless to the owners, and when bought for genuine are calculated to injure the high reputation which our watches have attained. We therefore caution the public against buying our watches from any person who cannot furnish a certificate of genuineness for every watch offered for sale, bearing the number of the watch and the signature of the Treasurer of the Company, R. E. Robbins. We also beg to inform those who deal in the spurious article, that legal proceedings will be instituted against them, upon any well authenticated instance of their selling a counterfeit or colorable imitation of any of our products.

For the American Watch Co.
ROBBINS & APPLETON, Agents,
sep8-3t No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

JACOB LADOMUS,
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Wit and Humor.

THE SUICIDE.

Timotheus Jacme Augustus Brown
Took cold into his head,
And sneezed from morn till night, until
He wished that he was dead.

"I'll take my worthless life," said he,
And took his razor down,
But then he changed his mind, and thought
'Twould easier be to drown.

He walked unto the water's edge,
Loud sneezing as he went;
But stayed to say his prayers, until
His courage all was spent.

And then he thought of other plans
To cut his thread of life;
And wondered which least painful was,
The halter or the knife.

At length in sheer despair, he strolled
To where Sue Jenkins dwelt,
And, sneezing his apologies,
Before her face he knelt.

He told her he was tired of life,
And knew not what to do,
If she would not consent to be
His dearly-loved—a-tchoo!

She *did* consent, though modestly,
And soon became his bride;
Yet still he swears that he will end
His life *by Suey's side!*

TAKEN IN BY AN INSURANCE MAN.

A German citizen, not long from "der Fadersland," was called upon, a day or two ago, by the assessor in ——— Ward, whom he greeted with—

"Bees you der insharance man?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he said, with an air of satisfaction,

"Com in, ich (I) bin lookin for you. Vil habine in glass beir?"

"No, thank you," said the assessor, who began to anticipate the result of his mission.—The two passing up stairs, the happy proprietor called out:

"Frau, heir bees der insharance man," which announcement grave great pleasure to Frau Teutonia, who proffered her services to answer any questions.

"Well," said the assessor, "don't think there are $50 worth in this room."

"Dere ish more as dat," exclaimed the woman. "Dere ist (pointing to the bureau) fine clothing, sheets, bedding and gold—ein hundret, twei hundret, drei hundret thalers."

"Very well," says the assessor, "I'll put it down at $150."

"Yaw, dat ish goot," ejaculated the frau, looking at her lord and master in a knowing manner.

The two men then passed below into the *room where liquors were sold, supposed not to* come quite up to Dr. Cox's standard of purity. The "insurance man" remarked as above:

"Well, there is not $50 worth here!"

"Oh, yah, dar ish more as dat—dis is very goot stand—we sell much whiskey, much lager. Dis is vorth drei hundret dollars, sure."

"Well," replied the assessor, "we will put it down at $150, which will make $300 altogether."

Accordingly the man was sworn as the law directs. Soon after the officer went away, some one who knew him, went and told the wife of the vender of "visky und lager" that he was the "tax man."

"Got in Himmel! Ich dinks he vas der insharance man!"

She now sought her husband and berated him for being such a fool. The following day the German met the assessor, and said to him—

"I vould speak mit you a little. I no got so much as I said I had (placing his head to the assessor's ear), I swear to von tam big lie!"

STRICTLY TRUE.—An eccentric American was lately visiting an English nobleman at his seat in the south of England. Our fellow countryman had a habit of saying, "how very appropriate!" by way of commendation, to almost everything he approved of, whether apropos or not. The statuary around the grounds received this favorable notice so frequently that the host became nettled, and determined to non plus his guest. So stopping before the family burying-ground, he pointed to a figure on horseback, and said,

"How do you like that statue of General Jackson?"

"How very appropriate!" was the answer.

"How do you make that out?"

"Oh, General Jackson was apt to be found among dead Englishmen," was the ready reply. The host subsided.

"ANIMAL" FOOD.—The health of an agricultural laborer in one of the rural districts in the East Riding having somewhat declined, he called in a medical man, who at once put him on low diet. After a few visits the doctor found his patient so far improved as to warrant his taking something more substantial, and he accordingly ordered him a little animal food once or twice a day. The wife said nothing; but no sooner had the doctor departed, than she bolted out of the house and shouted to a neighbor, "What do you think they've ordered for our John to eat now? Animal food!" "A very good thing, too," replied the neighbor. In a passion, the former exclaimed, "Why, you're as bad as them.—How is it likely our John can eat hay, and straw, and such like stuff? Besides, he has no teeth."

☞ "Do you believe Mrs. Smith paints?" "They say she does, but I can hardly credit it." "Well, she has certainly a great deal of *cr'or for one of her sire.*"

☞ Starers have the habit of taking an uncivil-eyes-ed view of things.

SOLD AT HALF PRICE.—A shopkeeper in a small town in Massachusetts, one day marked some handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "Selling at half price."—Shortly after, a lady, who had traded with him before, entered his establishment, and having examined the handkerchiefs, inquired the price. "Fifty cents apiece," politely replied the shopkeeper. "Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen." The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave to the shopkeeper a three dollar bill. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but I—ah—told you the handkerchiefs were fifty cents apiece, that is—ah—six dollars per dozen." "To be sure, sir; I understand as much arithmetic as that. Six dollars is the price; half of six is three—that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good day, sir." The lady shut the door; the shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a stump, gazing vacantly at the window; then biting his lips and coloring very red, he gently removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to sell no more goods at half price.

RELATIVE SIZE.—A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course at an argument of this kind a Scotchman possesses overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent on every point. At last the Englishman put a poser.—"You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply.—"You see, sir, ours is a mountainous country—yours a flat. Now, if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles!"

POETRY AND PROSE.—A romance-reading young man was one day passing a moirland farm, which was half covered with furze and heath, and a fine background of barren rocks and dark pines. He said to the farmer, who was grinding his way through the rugged earth, "A magnificent locality, sir!—one of Nature's triumphs!—an embodiment of poetry!" "Oh, yes," said the farmer, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his brow, "the poetry of the place is very well, but if ye had to plough up the prose of the ground, you'd wish the poetry far enough."

A TOO COMMUNICATIVE CHILD.—"Sonny, do you love me any?"

"Oh, don't I?"

"What for?"

"Because you always bring me candy when you come to see Sissy Jane. Give me some more."

"And what does Sissy Jane love me for?"

"Oh, 'cause you take her to concerts, and give her so many nice things. She says so long as you are fool enough to bring her shawls and bonnets, she won't sack you, no how. Now gi' me some more candy."

THE LITTLE PIECE OF PLEASANTRY which was made a Pretence for the Famous Divorce Suit of Mrs. Barber—according to Mr. Barber's statement. [See last week's paper for Mrs. Barber's view of it.]

Agricultural.

FENCES.

It has often been asked, "can fences be abolished in rural districts?" and as frequently answered, that nine-tenths of the fences now in use in the United States are superfluous. In many portions of the country the fences cost more than the land; and since the introduction of soiling, it has been proved that all fences, other than those on roads, are unnecessary where the soiling system is pursued. In many parts of France, Belgium, and other European countries, neither fences nor hedges are used at all; small sunken monuments, at the corners of estates, decide their boundaries; cattle are never suffered to roam in fields, except in charge of a herdsman or shepherd, and the mere saving in fences is many times greater than the cost of such attendance. We are glad to see that our friends in the South are rapidly awakening to these truths.

We extract the following from the American Cotton Planter, being part of an Essay on the propriety and policy of abolishing fences, and upon what terms and conditions the same may be done. A premium was awarded to the writer of this Essay, at the West Alabama Fair, held at Demopolis, November 1st, 1859:

In all rural management, but more especially in planting, labor, land and timber form the chief elements of capital, and to realize the best results of this capital, it is necessary that these elements should be judiciously applied. Land and labor should be devoted as closely as possible to the most valuable crops, and to the improvement of the soil, and the forest trees preserved for the use, value, and ornament of the premises. Any system opposed to this—any by which land and labor are misapplied, or timber unnecessarily wasted—must be vicious, and accompanied by individual as well as public injury, to the extent of its adoption.

Now, it is too apparent to admit of doubt or denial, that our Virginia worm or zigzag fence is an evil of this kind, inflicting upon our planting interest a heavy loss in land, labor and timber. Nor is it less true that the best interests, not to say the necessities of the planter, demand a reformation.

To give some idea of the extent of the loss under existing modes, we will go a little into detail; but before doing so, it may be remarked, that the nuisance complained of, is greater in the canebrake and all fertile districts, than in those of inferior soils, for the plain reason that labor and land are more valuable in the former, and of course any misapplication of these will be followed by heavier losses. In England, where for centuries their beautiful hawthorn hedges have not only served for use as well as ornament, but formed the pride and boast of the country, the question has recently been seriously discussed, whether they should not be removed to make additional breadth for the growth of grain so urgently demanded by a crowded population.

But to return to our details. It is not believed to be extravagant to say, that to enclose a field one mile square with a crooked fence, ten rails high, will cost in the canebrake at the present time, in land, labor, and timber, $2 000. A single cross-fence of a mile will cost one-fourth, and two of the same length, one half of this amount; so that one dividing fence in such an enclosure will bring its cost up to $2 500 and two such to $3,000. Such a field ought properly, for convenience as well as improvement, to be partitioned into four fields; but, we will assume as approximating truth, that our plantations average one mile square, and that the extent of inside fencing, together with the house and lot enclosures, will make an additional mile; we then have five miles of fence as a minimum for such areas, costing $2,500. As the labor and land appropriated by this fence, could have been used profitably for other purposes, as the timber would have constantly improved in value, it is proper to allow interest on the cost, which at legal rates, would be $200 per annum. I admit that this fence will last twenty years, which is very liberal, and that it will cost $50 annually for the first five years, to keep it in order from the effects of storms, freshets and fires, and $150 annually for the remaining fifteen years, during which period it may require almost entire renewal. This will give $2,500 for original fences, plus $200 annual interest, add $50 annually for five years, and $150×15 for the last fifteen years of the twenty, and the aggregate is $9 000. Deduct $1,500 as the value of the enclosure at the expiration of the term, and there will remain the snug sum of $7,500 as the cost of enclosing a *mile square for twenty years, with less* than one partition fence. In this estimate the rent of the land which the five miles of fence occupy is not included, and it cannot be less than $20 per annum at a fair valuation. That the foregoing statements are not extravagant will sufficiently appear when it is considered that it will take 35,000 rails to make the five miles of fencing. There may be a few exceptional cases, in localities where the forest growth still abounds, but otherwise it is not believed that there is a planter in the black land region who would furnish the trees, cut, split, haul, and put up 35,000 rails even on an adjoining plantation for $2,500. It would take some three hundred and fifty timber trees—and estimating the labor of cutting, splitting, hauling, and putting up at two-thirds, which is not too much, especially in muddy land, and but little more than two dollars a-piece would be left for the trees, not half their present value. It has been shown satisfactorily that the expense of enclosing a section of land for 20 years is $7,500. This is $375 per annum, or nearly sixty cents per acre. Estimating the average assessed value of the lime lands at $35 per acre, the State tax at 20 cents on the $100, and the county tax at 50 per cent. of the State tax, and the amount of State and county taxes will be 7½ cents per acre. The enclosure tax being precisely 58⅓, wants therefore but a fraction of being eight times as much as the State and county taxes combined. And yet we complain, and perhaps justly, that the latter taxes are high, while we bear the former with much more stoicism, possibly because we deem it a necessity and an unavoidable burthen.

HEARING CORN GROW.

A Western farmer, who wished to impress one of his Eastern friends with a suitable idea of the fertility of his land, gave this illustration:—"While riding along the road, I heard a pig squealing at a distance, and looking over into the field, I saw the animal on a full run, followed by a pumpkin vine which grew so fast that it reached the fence, run through, and a good sized pumpkin was formed before the hog got across the field." Not quite so strong was the story we used to hear told by one of our hired men about the growth of corn. He said he was hoeing corn on a hot June day, when he heard something behind him squealing. He thought it proceeded from field mice, but as it followed him, he examined carefully, and found it was the corn he had hoed. He said "it grew so fast, it fairly squealed."

We don't know what has become of that man, but there is reason to suspect he has settled in Ohio, and has recently taken to writing agricultural editorials for a leading daily paper in this city. Be that as it may, in a recent number of the journal referred to, the writer, speaking of the richness of the Scioto Valley, says:—"You have probably heard the remark, 'our corn grows so fast, you can hear it.' This is supposed, by people who don't know, to be a figure of speech only; but the remark out here is a literal fact. Go into one of these 'bottom' corn fields forty or fifty rods on a warm July day, or August night, when a bright moon is up, (for vegetation grows faster in moonlight than in darkness,) and a few hours after a heavy shower that has fairly wet the earth, and waked up the drowsy corn to its influences, and as the main stalk stretches and swells in its new strength up through the contracted lips of the upper blades, they crack and burst around you like the stifled reports of ten thousand rifles! That cornfield will be some inches higher at sunrise the next morning than at the last sundown. There is no mistake about it. *We have heard corn grow* many a time, and so every farmer along in the Scioto Valley will tell you."

Let us apply figures to the above. The most rapid growth we have heard assigned to corn is ten inches a week, or say one and a-half inches per day, or an inch in sixteen hours, which is one-sixteenth of an inch in an hour, or about the one-thousandth part of an inch per minute—less than one-third of the thickness of ordinary writing paper. Will this addition, mainly to the outer surface and to the ends of the leaves, produce "the stifled reports of ten thousand rifles?" We fear that with such a tremendous cracking and bursting of leaves, the corn would present a woful appearance after a few nights' growth. We suspect that no where else than in the Scioto Valley will corn be found "some inches higher at sunrise than at the last sundown," especially as it is generally admitted that the chief growth is under the influence of sunlight.—*American Agriculturist.*

THE BAROMETER.

Although one of the web foot fraternity, yet I take a deal of pleasure, and gain considerable information in perusing your valuable paper. I have noticed lately, inquiries of the usefulness of the barometer on a farm. I am no farmer, but having been a constant observer of that instrument for fifteen years or more, I give a few remarks for those who are interested, from my own experience. Henry Ward Beecher's laudation of the instrument would lead one to suppose that with the barometer for a guide, they would know precisely when it would rain or not. My experience does not lead to such conclusions. The words on the barometer, "Set Fair." "Fair," "Stormy," &c., are no guide whatever, as the barometer, properly graded, seldom falls to "Stormy," or rises to "Set Fair;" neither does a fall in the barometer always indicate rain; or a rise, fair weather; it may be owing to a change of wind—an increasing or moderating wind—or it may be owing to a storm or changing weather going on at some distance from us, but which may pass us by without any change of weather in our immediate vicinity.

With a southerly wind and a low barometer, we often hear people say, "How heavy the air is," because it causes depressed feelings; but the cause is, the *lightness* of the air, with which the barometer (showing the specific gravity) stands lower than with a northerly and bracing air, in which it is really *heaviest*, causing the mercury to rise.

With a north-west wind, a falling barometer generally indicates a change to south-west; with a rising barometer, it indicates a change to north east; with which wind, in fine weather, the barometer stands highest; and a falling barometer with the wind north-east, indicates a change to the south, or rain. With a south wind, a falling barometer indicates, sometimes, more wind, or rain; and it seldom rises before a change to the westward, or north-west. But these rules are by no means invariable, and the barometer can only be depended on as an aid to form a judgment of what the weather may be, by those who have studied its variations for at least one year; and then they may very often be mistaken. As an aid, it has been very valuable to me as a shipmaster; but to a farmer who is inexperienced in its use, I think an investment in hay caps would pay much better; in fact, I have been deceived so often by its apparent indications, that I am almost tempted to say I never would use one again—but as it has been the means of saving many sails and spars, perhaps life, I still advocate its use by shipmasters.

I have known many heavy squalls and showers to pass unnoticed by the barometer. On one occasion I experienced quite a severe gale, and rain storm from the north-east, with a high and continually rising barometer. This was in the vicinity of New York. The farther from the equator, the more the weather affects the barometer; and a south wind in south latitude has the same effects on it as a north wind in north latitude. There are many kinds of barometers, from the costly mercurial to the cedar and the pine wood ones by the Mexicans, or a cracked bone of the human system. I heard of a captain who said he could tell by the skull of his second mate, (which had been fractured) when a storm was approaching, better than by any barometer. My experience has been with the mercurial and aneroid barometers; generally considered the best. Hoping to see an account of some of the new kinds, and their usefulness, by those who have used them, I remain yours. JACK CROSSTREES, in *New England Farmer.*

TO RIPEN PEARS.—There is no fruit, of which the true quality depends more upon its perfect state of ripeness, than the pear; and perhaps no fruit that growers know so little how to ripen, in order to bring out its best qualities. It is difficult to tell a person how to do it, for it is an art that requires practice, in order to do it perfectly; but if those who have pears would be careful to gather them just as soon as the stem will separate from the spur, on raising the fruit up to a horizontal position, then lay them away, in a dry room, packed in layers of bran or shorts until they become mellow, many a pear, that is now eaten in austere and gritty condition, would become mellow and delicious. —*Ohio Farmer.*

STINGLESS BEES.—Mr. A. G. Moore, of New York, who went to Central America on account of his health, has just returned from Guatemala, and has brought with him two swarms of stingless bees common to that country, which he has given in charge of Mr. Parsons, of Flushing, who will propagate them for the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, which will in due time distribute them, if it is found they can be kept in any part of the United States.

Useful Receipts.

MOLASSES FROM WATER MELONS.—An excellent syrup is made from the core of ripe sweet water melons. Take only the soft part of the melon, such as can be scooped out by hand or a wooden spoon, rub it through a wire sieve into a barrel or tub, then strain out the juice through a cloth strainer. Boil down the juice in a kettle just as you would boil cider or maple sugar water, and be very careful not to scorch it when nearly done. For a preserving syrup for fruits, this is super-excellent, and capital for many other uses. An acre of good melons will yield eighteen or twenty barrels of syrup, worth much more than the melons will bring in market this plentiful season.

We cannot say just how to make melon butter, but suppose you should take water melon cores, stew gently and stir off, as you do with apples. We should fear the sauce from musk melons would be too much of a sickish sweet, like paw-paws.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

RATS.—To expel rats from houses, smear the holes and haunts with a mixture of two parts of tar to one of lamp oil, gently boiled together. They will not approach it.

INK STAINS.—Milk will remove if applied immediately, all ink stain from woollen materials. I have repeatedly extracted ink from a cloth table-cover, carpet, flannel dress and other like articles by simply pouring a little milk on the spot, and then with a clean cloth rubbing it dry.

SOME CHOICE RECIPES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO KEEP EGGS.—Take ½ peck lime, 4 ounces salt, 1 ounce cream tartar, with as much water as will reduce the composition to the consistence of cream. Place the eggs carefully in this, and if kept down, they will keep two years. As the water evaporates, add a little.

POTATO BISCUIT.—1½ pounds of flour, 8 medium size potatoes, 3 ounces butter or lard, ½ teacupful good home made yeast, (if lard, a teaspoonful salt.) Let them get very light, then make them out, and let them get very light again. Bake in a quick oven.

SOUR MILK BREAD.—When bread or cakes are made of sour milk or cream, as a general rule, 1 tea-spoonful sub. carb. soda is sufficient for 1 pint milk; *no cream of tartar. Soft dough, and a quick oven,* are essential to the production of light cakes, &c.

QUICK MILK BISCUIT.—2 pounds flour, ½ pound lard, small bowl milk, 2 medium size potatoes, 1 teacup yeast, *all warm.* Raise in a warm place, cut them out, let them get very light. Bake in a very hot oven.

ANOTHER.—1 pint of bread sponge, 2 potatoes, mashed fine; butter, the size of a walnut; 1 egg added last. Stir, and put to rise. M. W.

REAPING MACHINES IN OLD TIMES.—A passage in Book 18, chap. 30, of Pliny's Natural History would seem to indicate that reaping machines were known in ancient times, and that, too, among a people so lacking in civilization as the Gauls. The passage, literally translated, reads:

"Of reaping itself there are various methods. In the broad plains of the Gauls, enormous machines, with teeth set in a row, placed on two wheels, are driven through the standing grain, a horse being attached to it in a contrary way to the usual mode of attaching horses. Thus, the grain being cut off, falls into the furrow."

☞ The Machias Republican says that persuasive and humbugging agents are about in that region selling lightning rods. One old lady told an agent she had no fear of lightning, but she always had been afraid of thunder. "Just so," he replied, "we can meet your case exactly. The square rods are *lightning* rods and the round ones *thunder* rods." Of course, she is now "protected."

☞ MUSE FOR THE MISSES.—Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl papers in the drawing room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what's for dinner.

☞ LAND TITLES.—In England, under the Danish King, the delivery of a drinking-horn was a common mode of conveying property. It is stated that the estate of Pusey, in Berkshire, is still held by that title.

☞ WONDERFUL.—A teacher of penmanship in twelve lessons taught a lawyer to read his own writing.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 16, 17, 9, 29, 34, is a bird.
My 21, 11, 6, 33, 29, 8, 11, 35, is a woman's name.
My 1, 26, 3, 30, 10, 12, 32, is a city in New Jersey.
My 28, 17, 30, 24, is a relation.
My 15, 27, 15, 31, is a musical instrument.
My 2, 18, 28, 34, 10, 2, is better than riches.
My 2, 19, 9, 37, is a useful member of the body.
My 28, 36, 37, 6, 31, is the name of a British officer in the Revolutionary war.
My 3, 35, 33, 34, 18, is a destructive bird.
My 7, 2, 11, 14, is one of the United States.
My 23, 9, 20, 37, 34, 31, is what we use at night.
My 15, 34, 23, 26, 28, was the goddess of flowers.
My 24, 5, 13, 33, 17, 3. creates much mischief.
My 4, 25, 13, 4, 12, 6, 37, is the Capitol of one of the Eastern States.
My 21, 27, 23, 19, is what we all are subject to.
My whole is a memorable event in English History.

A. E. B.

Torresdale, Pa.

MISCELLANFOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 16, 5, 13, 18, was an apostle.
My 31, 6, 7, 2, 14, 23, 9, a church to which one of Paul's epistles is addressed.
My 29, 13, 20, 24, 10, 32, was the great leader of the Reformation.
My 3, 33, 7, 34, was the first Roman Emperor.
My 15, 7, 10, 25, 31, 27, a county of Europe.
My 1, 5, 22, 5, 11, 36, 20, 20, 10, a French volunteer who figured largely in the American revolution.
My 4, 17, 4, 34, was the founder of Carthage.
My 31, 21, 28, 27, 33, 34, 15, 10, a poet.
My 31, 2, 31, 30, 7, 34, a celebrated orator of Rome.
My 3, 5, 16, 19, 35, 25, 5, 14, 26, 34, 35, 16, 5, 22, 20, 10, was a French Emperor.
My 26, 5, 31, 21, 14, an astronomer, native of England, who flourished in the thirteenth century.
My 16, 12, 27, 8, 32, 11, is nominated by some "the Divine art."
My 8, 5, 7, 10, 32, 17, 5, a female who betrayed her country for the "golden bracelets" of the Sabines.
My whole is quite an interesting work by Mrs Caroline Lee Hentz.

C. W.

Greensburg, Ky.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you have the power of sight
To distinguish black from white,
My first you will be sure to see,
If you chance to meet with me.

My second in forests doth abound,
Also in cities it can be found;
It grows in China to great extent,
And much of it to us is sent.

My third is precious, you'll not deny,
If one of its meanings you apply:
Give it another, and you'll see,
A conjunction it will be.

My whole appears scarce once a year,
Some view with pleasure, some with fear;
'Tis transient, too, and light is given,
As it glides along 'twixt earth and heaven.

Kingston, Ky. M. B. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an instrument of power,
And does many things control;
My second's a general name for a class
In which is comprised my whole.
It is often used my first to make;
And my second mayhap your life will take.

GAHMEW.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I demand the length of a ladder that may be fixed in a street 70 feet wide, so as to extend to the top of a steeple whose height is 90 feet; and also without moving at the foot, may reach to the top of another steeple at the opposite side whose height is 80 feet. And also the part of the street in a right line, between the two steeples where the ladder must be fixed?

N. B. SPENCER.

Morgan Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the difference between 10-7 of 7-5, and 5-7 of 7-10?

PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What word signifying wrong denotes also a young lady? Ans.—A miss.

☞ What trade should excel in cooking rabbits? Ans.—A hairdresser (hare).

☞ What tree of three letters may be spelt with one? Ans.—The Yew (U).

☞ What bush keeps the floor clean? Ans.—The broom.

☞ With what flowers do we speak? Ans.—Tulips (two lips).

☞ To what town in England should scolding wives be sent? Ans.—To Shrewsbury.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—William Henry Harrison. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—History of Jerusalem. CHARADE—Declaration, (Deck-lay-ray-shun). REBUS—Abe Lincoln.—ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—69 bushels, 9 quarts, 1 1-7 gills.

☞ "Why on earth, sister Keziah," said Squire Jones of his sister, Mrs. Larkin, "did you give your boy such an everlasting tough name? It's as long as a string of dried apples." "Well, brother, boys are so particular when they grow up, and always want romantic and high-sounding names, and so I told my husband we would call the child Peleg-Zerubbable-Kish-Elkanah-Habakkuk, and upon getting old enough, he can then take his choice. The squire thought it would be hard picking, but he did not say so, and Mrs. Larkin went on with her knitting in a state of serene satisfaction.

☞ A young lady of Cincinnati, just returned from Europe, states as a positive fact that an aristocratic Englishman inquired of her if Cincinnati was a slave State.